THE ONLY MAN'S PAPER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 72. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 19TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 72. WEEK ENDING MARCH 19TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

STREET FIGHTS.

SUGGESTIONS TO BE USED IN EMERGENCIES ONLY.

The street fight comes to every man sometimes, and to many more than once.

Say you are proceeding, for instance, along the busy Strand, westward along its northern side, past the several little courts which lead up to Maiden Lane, the dingy little hunting-ground of the out-of-work actor, and the won't-work hooligan who is continually lying in wait for Johnny the Mug.

Possibly—as it once happened to the present writer—a rough will suddenly issue forth from one of the narrow courts aforementioned, and in so doing, tread heavily on your pet corn. He will then, perhaps, ejaculate "Sorry"—such an easy word to pronounce!—at the same time pushing a very large tongue into an equally capacious cheek, and grinning with malicious satisfaction at the deliciously clever way in which he has scored off you.

Dancing with pain, and momentarily blind to the consequences, you will no doubt invite him to take his sorrow to a certain warm clime, and further tell him, in no measured language, what you think of him; whereupon, in a flash, you will receive a smashing blow on the mouth, together with the information that he is not going to stand any of your adjectival back-talk. The row has begun.

If you think that you and he are fairly evenly matched in skill and physique you may go for him with your fists; but if, as will very likely be the case, he can, in both respects, give you points and a beating, don't be a fool, but use your stick.

But—and it is a big but—don't use it as the average Englishman does, as a club; for, while you are whirling it in the air, a man who is quick with his fists will knock you out. Use it as a rapier, and lunge out straight for the third button of his waistcoat, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him give a great gasp, and sprawl forward—beaten.

Again, if you are attacked by more than one assailant, try, if possible, to find a convenient angle, and get your back into it. Then you will be able to take your men one after the other. To use the vernacular, jab 'em in the wind—one down, t'other come on—and you'll probably find—for the hooligan who hunts in bands is generally a sorry coward—that when the first lies prostrate, the others *won't* come on.

A favourite fighting dodge with the street rough is to dart forward, seize you quickly by one leg, and throw you heavily on your back. He will then, while you are in a stunned condition, turn you upside down, shake your money out of your pockets, and decamp.

So watch your man carefully, and when you see him springing forward with a downward movement, just calmly step back. He will probably stumble, and then you can give a good whack with your trusty stick at the head which is so temptingly put before you, and stroll away serenely.

F. MARTIN.

CHEEK.

Miss Violet Charlesworth's "thousands" are now known to amount to one thousand and ninety-five—days!

* * *

It is rumoured, by the way, that when Miss Charlesworth thinks of Mr. Justice Darling nowadays, she does not call him by his correct name in her own mind.

* * *

A man named Almond was recently accused of burglary and assaulting a servant girl. He would appear to be a very tough nut.

* * *

The letters M.D. used by a music-hall quack are said to stand for "Merry Devil." As an alternative rendering "Mug Diddler" would not be bad.

* * *

"A new Bird Man" booms out the *Daily Mail*. But isn't this Chantecler business getting rather tiresome?

* * *

Racing critics are waxing enthusiastic about a horse called "Fop." Indeed we understand that he is quite a "dandy"!

* * *

"Fewer Spiritual Peers," reads a newspaper headline. "That's no good!" snorted dear old Mrs. Footler. "What old England wants is fewer spirituous beers."

* * *

We are told that "whip-cord" suits are to be fashionable this season. At any rate, one would certainly think they would have a "striking" appearance.

* * *

"Rugby Rules" ran a football headline in a newspaper recently. "It's not true!" burst out one indignant Association reader, hotly. "*Everybody* knows that good old Soccer does that!"

* * *

Says Mr. Austin Harrison: "Mr. Shaw just boxes our ears, pulls our noses, flicks our thick hides with stinging witticisms, and undresses us all—men, women and children, class, type, sex, and Society." If that's what goes on in the modern theatre, no wonder that the music-halls are more popular!

* * *

Mrs. E. Adamson says that "you can judge a woman's mental capacity by her clothes much better than you can a man's." A misogynist of our acquaintance has it that this is because a woman is burdened with so little of either!

* * *

A daily paper gives a description of the "Ideal Will." The will that would most please the average man would no doubt be one leaving him a large sum of money.

* * *

Miss Winifred Emery has made a great hit at the Hippodrome. "Dead heads" at once began excitedly writing in for all the "Emery paper" they could get.

J. S. COX.

OFF THE ROAD AGAIN.

THE EFFECT OF SPRING ON THE OUTDOOR MAN.

No seaman looks more eagerly for signs of the abatement of the hurricane than the country-loving townsman looks for signs of the opening of the season, when he can once again escape from the comparative confinement of the road, and begin again to make his own tracks across country, and enjoy a look at the world from unaccustomed points of view.

There is a glamour about these early jaunts on the still, growing days of early spring. Only to the close observer are there any signs that the sleep of winter is passing, but to the least observant there is a stirring of the blood in keeping with the stirring of the saps and juices of the trees and plants.

Now it takes less exertion to make the body glow and sweat, the air is softer, the edge of the wind has been blunted by the returning power of the sun, and in sheltered corners it is quite warm enough to linger and bathe in the warming rays.

The cyclist, too, begins to cast a clout or so, for riding becomes hot work again, and it is foolish to overload the body with sweater and coat when the inner fires begin to glow. There is not that feeling that you must keep pedalling to keep from catching cold.

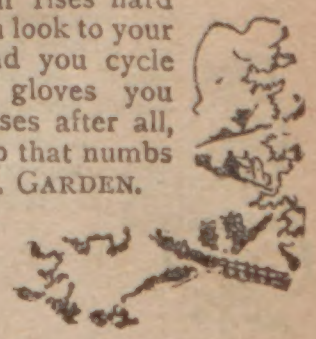
To dismount becomes a pleasure once again, and a welcome change. Leaning your bicycle against the gate, you lean contentedly upon the bar and let the new mildness and the lengthening light work upon your feelings. The sun strikes warmly upon your shoulders. Then your mind leaps forward. You count up the months during which, with reasonable luck, you can expect such weather, and reckon the days you can call your own. They are a goodly number, and there and then, with the glowing sun and the still trees, and all the awakening company of nature as your witnesses, you make your resolve to draw from all your opportunities every jot of their pleasures.

You light a pipe to ratify the compact between you and Nature, and the smoke tastes sweet in the soft, clear air. It drifts away slowly in the light afternoon current towards the trees in rich, blue wisps.

For a long time you lean on that gate, trying to carry out your new resolution on the spot. But the sudden onset of dusk, the falling sun, now infringing on the light brown larch tips over on the hill across the valley, remind you that your thoughts have outrun the young year, and that the full tide of spring is still far away. Nevertheless, you had a foretaste.

Buttoning your coat, for the chill rises hard upon the heels of the declining sun, you look to your lamp in case it should be needed, and you cycle rapidly homeward. The woollen gloves you stowed away in a pocket have their uses after all, for the evening air has a wintry nip that numbs the bare fingers.

T. W. GARDEN.



Benefit Scandals

A MATTER DEMANDING REFORM.

Charity is one of those virtues which is to be found among men of every description. Even men who are brutal, coarse, and devoid of nearly every fine feeling, are yet ready to do what they can to help a pal in distress. Often it would seem that the element of charity that exists in them is their sole recommendation to be considered better than the beasts of the field.

Charity being one of our finest sentiments, it is surely necessary that steps should be taken to see that it is not abused.

"Love thy neighbour as thyself" is a command given to us in Holy Writ. It is one which it is practically impossible for the average man to obey literally. His interest in these days of business competition must necessarily colour his outlook, and it is not for his neighbour's comfort or success that he fights but for his own.

But when his neighbour comes a cropper, the average man is not only ready, but anxious to do what he can to help him, and it is because of this manifestation of good-fellowship that one thinks more of the human race as a whole than one might otherwise do.

THE MAN WHO ORGANISES.

The more heinous is the crime of those who abuse these our finer feelings.

The man who gets up a benefit and mismanages it is not always a rogue; often he is merely incompetent.

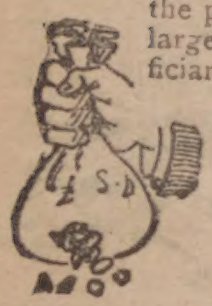
Not infrequently his primary motive, if he would but admit it, is self-advertisement. It seems a dashing, generous thing to get up a benefit for someone in trouble, and not only does he induce his friends to join with him and form a so-called committee, but he may even dip considerably into his own pocket for the furtherance of the object in view.

Promoters of benefits realise that it is necessary to have some form of entertainment for which tickets may be sold. They appreciate the fact that if alms pure and simple were asked for, it would be degrading to the person whose welfare is at stake.

LARGE PROFITS, SMALL RESULTS.

Therefore a concert is arranged, and tickets for it are sold at very high prices, which are willingly paid by those who want to do the sick or injured man a turn. In most cases the singers and other performers give their services gratis, and in many instances the hall where the concert is held is obtained for the evening free of charge, while in other cases it is rented at a reduced price.

Everything seems to play into the hands of the promoters of the benefit. The talent costs them nothing, the hall costs them nothing or little, and the prices paid for the seats are disproportionately large. And yet it is very seldom that the beneficiary receives more than one-quarter of the total amount of money gathered in by the committee.



Where do the other three-quarters go to?

In some cases, doubtless, the promoters of the concern may have tarry fingers and some of the money may stick to them, but in most instances the promoters are perfectly honest and only foolish.

They waste the money on extravagant bill-posting, on circularising, and on lavish and unnecessary decoration of the hall. It was not for such things that people bought the tickets, and when the committee man called on you and pointed out how excellent was the cause and induced you to take a ticket, you believed that the money you gave would go to the person for whose sake the benefit was being got up. You did not suppose that it was going to be frittered away.

SPORTING CADGERS.

Athletic clubs are notorious in this connection.

Why anyone outside a club should be asked to contribute to its funds is a matter beyond the comprehension of the self-respecting man. He pays for his own amusements, and does without those he cannot afford. He would not dream of asking his neighbours, for example, to help him to buy a motor-car, and yet when someone connected with the local football club approaches him for a donation he gives it. Generally he does so as blackmail, for he does not want to be considered mean, and a reputation for meanness would very probably be set up concerning him if he refused a subscription.

Apart from this, there are many men who contribute to the funds of a sporting club simply because they are keen sportsmen themselves and are delighted to do what they can to further the interests of sport generally.

But is all the money subscribed for the benefit of the club actually expended in the interests of sport?

PICKINGS.

Anyone who has been connected with the organisation of amateur clubs will be able to tell you in what directions the money is too often wasted. In every collection of this kind there seems to be a hole in the money-bag through which the coins trickle. There is one member who is in the printing line, and he must be given the membership cards to do, at a price much higher than would be charged elsewhere. There is another member who keeps a shop, and from him must be purchased the club's outfit, at prices unnecessarily inflated.

If one's contributions are asked on behalf of working-men's institutions, such as reading-rooms and so forth, some sort of concert is got up, and usually with success, but, strangely enough, the books that were to be bought for the library of the institute are never purchased.

RELIGIOUS DONATIONS.

Even the Church is not guiltless in this connection. Collections are made for a holiday for the choir-boys, and practically every member of the Church gives something. It is not very difficult, when you have an idea of the size of the congregation, to ascertain how many pounds were obtained, but usually the treat given to the boys costs only as many half-crowns. Where does the rest of the money go to?

Benefit societies have to issue exact accounts to their members. Hospitals do so voluntarily, and most organised forms of charity are subject to some sort of restriction upon the caprice of those who may be in control of the funds. There should be a similar restriction in regard to local and other benefits.

An official assessor of some description should have as part of his duty the examination of the accounts of all private charities; or possibly we might have it enacted that the local tax-collector, or some other responsible and business-like official should of necessity form one of the committee of every benefit, whether charitable or sporting.

When such a step is taken, we shall give with confidence, but until then we shall give with hesitation.

David Cooper.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

TWELFTH LESSON.

The twenty-third hit is very like the one preceding it.

Your opponent leads off with his right and you make no attempt to guard it, but simply duck slightly to your own left so that his glove brushes over your right shoulder.

In the last hit you countered him on the body; but this time you counter him on the face with your right glove.

This hit is a very telling one, if properly brought off.

Your adversary was advancing with force, expecting that the first crack would be his glove against your face. By ducking, however, you have spoilt his plans, and when you bring off your counter the blow is a very hard one, for his face is coming towards you at the very moment when your glove is going towards it.

XXIII.—Ducking, with a face counter.

It may be well here to discuss the science of blows in general, and I think I can do so best by using an illustration.

Consider the case of a railway collision. When two trains run into one another, both going in opposite directions, the smash is terrific. It is much less when a train runs into a standing obstacle, and it is still less when a train runs into another train which is travelling in the same direction though at a lower speed.

It is much the same with blows in boxing. The hardest hit is the one where your fist catches your opponent as his face or body is coming towards you.

If you put a blow on to him while he is standing still, it will not hurt him nearly so much. That is why it is so important to counter accurately and sharply, because his advance increases his punishment.

In the twenty-fourth hit we deal with the best way of guarding yourself and countering when your adversary uses what is called a hook hit.

This hit is frequently used by a street fighter, and it is employed to describe his action when, instead of making a straightforward punch at your body, he swings his hand round from the side in order to get you on the waist.

XXIV.—Dealing with a left hand hook hit.

In the case of a man who guards himself carelessly, it is often possible to do much damage with a well directed hook hit, but this blow is not a difficult one to guard if you know how to meet it.

In the twenty-fourth hit he attempts a hook with his left hand; that is to say, he swings his left round so as to catch you on the right side of your body. As he does it, step in smartly and turn off his glove with your right forearm. At the same time deliver your left glove on his right jaw.

It is most important in guarding this blow, as in guarding most others, that the fleshy part of your arm should be turned towards his, so that the bone of your arm may not be jarred.

The safest thing to remember in this hit is that the palm of your right glove must be kept outwards and the elbow well up. If you attend to that, the muscle of your arm will bear the impact, and you will not be hurt.

G. Gowing.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—Editor.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE DAY OF RECKONING

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Imagine a quiet man, and you know Barclay.

He has quiet eyes, a quiet voice, quiet confidence. Even his complexion is quiet, and he is the ideal man to have sitting in the armchair on the other side of the hearthrug on a restful evening.

In business he occupies a position of trust and responsibility with an important firm of shippers. I should say that his quiet pushfulness has gained it for him. In private life he is a bachelor and thirty. That is all you are permitted to know of him.

He told me the following story the other night. He told it to me to illustrate his theory of unity. He does not believe that in the scheme of things there is anything wasteful, inopportune, or accidental. In the trifling circumstance of a leaf fluttering from a tree in autumn he can see the working of a hundred immutable laws, each of which is a clue to the secret of the one supreme immutability working throughout all nature. He does not know what the secret is, but he is quietly confident that all things work together for good.

He said of this story—

But let him speak for himself.

* * * * * *

"It is really two stories," he explained, "that is, if you look at the matter from the superficial point of view. There are two incidents involved, both taking place at wide intervals, and neither apparently connected with the other. There are also people in the one story who never knew the characters in the other story—but, after all, the whole of human life is one story, with every link indissolubly welded together. . . .

"Years ago there was a fellow named Seagrave, who worked with me at the same desk in the office. He was a man made on a large scale, with heavy shoulders and massive limbs, not at all the sort for a sedentary life. The backwoods with an axe to sling was more in his line—or using his sinews and intelligence to make the stubborn earth yield somewhere where the soil was virgin and unmastered.

"Well, he did that ultimately, as was his destiny. He went to Australia and lost himself, civilisationally speaking—which is one of the reasons why you can use the tale if you like.

"He was older than I—about six-and-twenty to my twenty-one—but we were firm friends. I looked up to him, not only because of his muscles, but because he had brains. It's a mistake to suppose that big men are stupid. They're often less neurotic, more primitive. He was like an oak which had dragged itself from the earth by sheer force. Seagrave at a desk was an anachronism. It might be put stronger and called a damnable folly—but Seagrave wasn't a fool, it was the civilisation which caged him. He had a widowed mother and a young sister to keep, you see, so he had to stick it.

"Well, because he was virile and his environment effete, his virility expressed itself in what the prudish call vice. It had no other outlet. He didn't drink much, because he hadn't the taste, but he was abundantly immoral.

"Not the immorality of the depraved, the degenerate. He was no braggart about his *amours*, nor had he any shame. He was simply natural. Natural, and a trifle bewildered.

"Bewildered is scarcely the right word. He obeyed his instincts, and was healthily philosophical about them, but all the time there was an undercurrent of wonderment that he wasn't fit for something better. He didn't know what was wrong, but I did. He wanted an aim. To find that, as it seems to me. First the inspiration, then the aim, then the attempt, and—if you set your teeth—the victory.

"I thought the inspiration might be love. It generally is. But it wasn't with Seagrave. It was pioneering, as I've already told you. Of course, he was bound to have it. The law which provides sap for a tree supplies a man with his inspiration when it's the right time for him to have it.

"But meanwhile Seagrave got into the usual trouble. There was a girl—and he discussed with me quite reasonably and quite candidly whether he should save her honour by marrying her.

"She was beneath him socially, but that didn't matter compared with the fact that he didn't care a rap for her—cared for her, I mean, in the way that would have made it possible for them to live in decent respect and affection for each other for the rest of their days.

"It is an ancient problem, and one that I don't pretend to the wisdom of elucidating. But I was spared the attempt here by seeing plainly that his mind was already made up.

"He talked freely about it, looked at it from every point of view, so far as he was able; considered hers as well as his own, but all the time I could feel the basic determination that he would not sacrifice his future for a momentary gratification of carnal appetite.

"He had the usual wonderment that such a trifling lapse should be rewarded with so dire a penalty for the woman; but he did not intend the penalty to include two, if he could help it. He argued that the result in happiness would be the same for her whether he married her or not. He was certain if he did marry her he would be a brute. It is all part of the problem, and it would require more than finite knowledge to answer it. But nature answered it, as you shall see presently.

"He didn't marry her. He had to fight hard to escape, but he was like a rock when once his mind was made up. She was a common creature, and probably it was the chance of marrying a man in his position rather than the prospect of shame which made her stick to him like a leech. She was outside the office night after night waiting for him, and he always went to her without a word.

"And he had no word either for the facetious remarks passed by other fellows in the office, only a steady stare and a hardening of the jaw. I was the only one who shared his confidences.

"This went on for about a couple of months, then her visits grew less frequent, and at last stopped altogether. During this time he seldom referred to the matter.

"Then he told me what had happened. He had delivered an ultimatum. She would cease molesting him or he would do one of two things. He would either cut the country, and then she would get no money from him for the support of the child; or he would strangle her.

"He wasn't sure which, even to me. And again I offered no advice. But I knew he meant every word he said, and he was quite calm about it.

"The matter had the commonplace termination. He paid up. I offer no opinion on his behaviour. It is the underlying elements which are interesting. You must merely notice that the girl was saddled with an encumbrance which she would have to carry at least for fifteen to twenty years, and that Seagrave went practically scot-free.

"That is enough of the one story. Whether the girl went to the devil or not, I don't know. Going to the devil is a meaningless phrase. What we have in us to be, that we become.

"Seagrave went on in the ordinary way for three or four years. His experience no doubt modified his habits, but this was discretion rather than repentance. I don't know whether I have laid sufficient stress on the fact that as a man—between men—he was a fine sterling fellow.

"I suppose there is a kink somewhere in the best of us, and to outward appearances Seagrave was one of the best.

"I mentioned that he lived at home with his mother and sister. The way he treated them was sufficient evidence that he had reverence for women when he was fond of them. As I was often at the house I had constant opportunities to see this. Both mother and sister were devoted to him. The sister went to business, and seemed a capable, sensible girl. She was now about eighteen, and uncommonly well made and attractive. You would have deemed her splendidly English, with her brown hair, her frank eyes, and the glow of health in her cheeks. Maggie, she was called.

"Seagrave's affection for her was almost intense. Perhaps it gained by contrast with his conduct to other women. He was immensely proud of her. He was father and brother in one. She was his to protect as well as to love. It was good to see them together. A rather taciturn man at most times, she took liberties with him with the tantalising impudence that a girl mainly reserves for her sweetheart. And she would bring from him a deep-chested laugh which I seldom heard him indulge in outside their home.

"Now begins the other story.

"Seagrave and I, as I told you, worked at the same desk, but in business hours we had little to say except on business topics.

"However, we used to lunch together, and one day when we went out and were walking along the street, I asked him casually what was the matter.

"You get to understand men when you're constantly with them. I could tell Seagrave's mood even without looking at him. We're all something of barometers.

"This day I had felt a queerness about Seagrave; felt it without thinking about it, you understand. There was no change in his expression—but haven't you felt tempest in the atmosphere even before you see the clouds?

"He didn't answer my question for a full minute or two. His silence made me turn and look at him. One look was enough. He was in deep waters. Forging ahead, his eyes straight in front of him, but with motion mechanical, a something in his face which I can only call awful.

"'Maggie,' he said.

"Just that one word, and not another till we were half through with the lunch. We had a table to ourselves against the wall, and were seated opposite. I did not dare to put into another question what a chill horror in my heart had already told me.

"But he let me know soon, in curt, bleeding sentences that might have been hacked out of his breast.

"'A married man,' he wound up.

"And after a long, long silence he said to me, with awe in his voice, a thing which I shall never forget.

"'I wonder if this is the paying!'"

* * * * * * *

Barclay told me more, but it is not essential to repeat it. He added a remark though, from which I have taken my title.

"You remember Omar's lines," he said: "'And the first dawn of creation wrote, what the last day of reckoning shall read.'"

A MAN'S ROOM

AND SOME OF ITS DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

Why is it that one can almost always tell the difference between a man's room and a woman's, even if there are not any peculiarly feminine articles of personal property lying about? The mere presence of a cigarette-box or two is not sufficient to betray the man, for nowadays, alas, he no longer has a monopoly of nicotine.

Whatever be the distinction, one can usually feel, without being told, whether the person who holds chief sway in a given room is a man or a woman—from the pictures, the furniture, the position of things, and, most of all, from the odds and ends that, unknown to their owner, give so much character to a den.

Perhaps it is the air of hospitality that most distinguishes the ideal man's room. Everything will be unobtrusively in its place, with a silent invitation to help yourself.

"HELP YOURSELF."

There will be a well-filled cigarette-box and tobacco-jar, drinks and glasses will be handy, and not have to be unearthed from hidden recesses or called for from the bowels of the earth. Match-boxes will be dotted about the room, and everything will have the appearance of being prepared for guests, and not being merely intended for the comfort of the inhabitant alone.

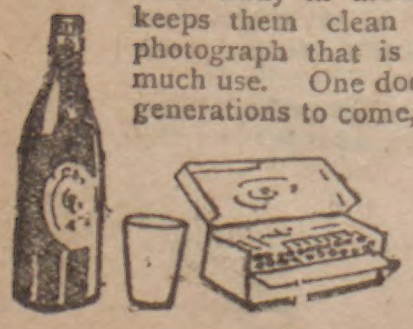
There is often a lack of convention, too, about the pictures and other decorations that a man hangs on his walls, and he does not always insist that they shall be beautiful in themselves.

An old sporting print, of which the drawing is at fault and the colouring crude, is often preferred to something more artistic, and such things as foils, racquets, swords, boxing-gloves, and rifles, which a woman would hide away somewhere, if she possessed them, appear upon the walls of a man's room.

PAST MEMORIES.

The dens of most men who are fortunate enough to have a sitting-room that they can really call their own, are usually decorated with things that call up memories and furnished with a view to simple comfort, rather that in the "pretty-pretty" style that is so dear to the heart of a woman. There will be photographs and groups upon the walls, relics of past tussles and days in the open, here and there a reproduction of a fine old master, with virility in every line, or a strong, firm water-colour or print.

It is often a puzzle how best to arrange the photographs of one's friends that one accrues in such numbers as the years go on. Some men put them away in albums or boxes, which certainly keeps them clean and preserves them, but a photograph that is hidden from view is not of much use. One does not want to keep them for generations to come, for whom they will have but little interest; they should be ever-present reminders of friends that are no longer with us. For the man who can afford it, there is no better plan than to have them put into frames—dark oak for choice—with half a dozen or more in each. But picture-framing, especially when the mount has to be cut to fit the photos, is apt to be expensive, and the frames occupy a good deal of space on the walls.



HOW TO KEEP PHOTOGRAPHS.

An alternative is to get a network of wire fitted with clips, which is sold at a few pence for the purpose, and into this the photographs can be stuck at random, so that the mounts overlap, and just the photograph is visible.

This is an economy both in space and money, and though the photos will need dusting occasionally with a feather brush they will not suffer from exposure to the air and light, for in these days of platinum and bromide prints a photograph has a permanency that the old silver print never possessed.

For a small number of photographs, there is no place like the back of the mantelpiece, where they can always be seen as one sits and smokes in front of the fire.

The handy man can manufacture a very useful sort of frame for himself, which is especially suitable for a room which has a dado and a rail above it. Two lengths of picture moulding may be nailed flat on to the wall, sufficiently far apart to take photographs of any given size, cabinet, picture-postcard, or whatever be the kind that you have most of.

A FIXED FRAME.

In between these you can slide the photographs from the end, or, you can insert them in the middle by bending them slightly. They can be protected by glass if it is considered necessary.

This makes a very effective wall-decoration, which makes the photographs seem part of the room itself, and the cost is very small compared with that of a frame with backing, mitred corners, mount, and so on.

There is nothing that adds so much to the comfort of a room as to have the light exactly where you want it, and properly shaded. With electric light this is easily arranged, and once you have decided where to put the furniture, extensions can easily be fitted, even by the amateur, to bring the light to the side of your chair or above your writing-table.

With gas this is not so easily achieved, but a candle reading-lamp is not a very costly affair, and besides saving your eyes enormously, it adds greatly to the cosiness of the room.

ALAN HAMER.

CROOKS TO BEWARE OF.

Whenever you are going to an International Rugby match, or an inter-'Varsity game, or some big athletic sports meeting, you should always keep your eyes very well peeled for some remarkably clever tricksters.

I was duped myself some years ago at the Rugger match at Richmond between England and France. To get to the entrance one had to go along a fairly narrow lane, and in this a gang of men in semi-official uniforms, were shouting out "Take your tickets here! No admittance without tickets!" So I took one at half a crown. But when I presented it at the turnstile I was told it was worthless. So I went back with a policeman and found my men, who at first tried to deny having sold me the ticket, but at last they had to give me my money back.

But the most surprising thing in connection with these and similar frauds is that the police do not instantly take such men in charge. In the case I am speaking of the crook continued selling his worthless tickets with a policeman close at hand.

DILAPIDATION.

A SKETCH.

It was a pitiful sight. I admitted to the Old Man that it struck me as a sorrowful thing.

In his worn green velvet coat he had stumped out of his house by the roadside to see if its fa was likely to injure the house in any way. Tw farm labourers, passing along the main road t their homes, had stopped, wishful to assist th Old Man if possible. But the boisterous win had already skewed the cowl over to an incon gruous angle, and it was shrieking over the hol in the conical roof.

The "hop-oast" had long been crumbling Now in this gale, it would surely fall.

Over to the West the yellow sun was sinking and gulls, flown inland, were wheeling about th the windy sky.

"I'd ha' liked it," said the Old Man, "to ha lasted just my time. But it were no use, I sup pose. Yes, young master, things that aren't n use crumble an' fall in the end—crumble an' fal same as I'm crumblin', I suppose. Never miss th fire, ye know, until you find ye're sittin' by th dead cinders and night has come. So we keep o a-crumblin'. There goes the top of 'un!"

A piece of brickwork, the mortar of which wa grievously split in places, fell as a stronger gus than usual caught it, and dust floated dow powder-white to the moss-grown ground.

"Ah! Won't be no more shack an' reek comin through that cowl. Down she go on t'other side Powerful windy it is, young master. What yo say, George?"

"George" suggested that if there was a bit o rope handy——

"Rope? Oh, yes, I see the idee. Harness he like to a stack chimney, eh? and pull her dow from t'other side. Yes, it might save a power o mischief, as you say."

George departed to hunt up a piece of strong rope. Still the gale gained in strength, and th clouds scurried across the yellow sunset to th West. The aged man's white wisps of hair were blowing about his temples in the wind. But my suggestion was in vain.

"That's—all—right!" I shouted to him, for he was rather deaf. "You—go—inside. Leave it to the young men."

"Go inside? No. I'll see the last on her, sir They're pullin' these old kilns down in othe places. Doan't grow no hops about this part o Kent now. Can't do it at the price, ye know Some 'lectioneerin' chap told me it was th Gov'ment's fault, but I hain't got no concern wi Gov'ments now. Mind how ye get up there George, 'case ye fall.

"That, sir, is where they used to 'stomp' th hop-bags in the old times when *I* used to g pickin'. But pressin' machines ha' taken th place o' manual labour. An' divil a hop-pole d you see on a hop farm now, the bine bein' trained upon wires an' string made o' cocoanut fibre an fastened to permanent uprights.

"Fastened her to raights, George? Then then ——"

The Old Man faltered.

"P'r'aps you're right, young master. I *mough* catch a chill. I'll go in. Tell me when you've pulled her down. Come right in and tell me."

He stumped miserably up the brick path to th threshold of his house.

I heard him mumbling incoherently as he went along the narrow hall. "Oh, m

"Oh, my God!" he was groaning. God!"

It was a matter of three hard tugs for thre lusty young men. The "oast" tottered an gave way. There was a great deal of dust, an an army of rats scampered away in the fadin half-light.

Brushing myself, I entered the house to kee my promise.

In the dark of the room I saw, vaguely, the Ol Man. He had half fallen upon the couch by th window that looked out upon the ruin. "I h

"I ha' seen," he groaned, piteously. "I seen!"

SIDNEY NORTH.

The Letters A Man Keeps

As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts.
—James Howell.

There are some letters, dear to each of us for private reasons, that we would not willingly part with.

Their nature depends largely upon the character of their owner and upon the kind of friends that he has drawn towards him.

The letters a man receives from his sweetheart, and especially those in which she first subscribed herself "Yours very sincerely," are not likely to find their way into the fire, but there are others which are treasured for less apparent reasons.

CONGRATULATIONS.

I have one—to be exact, it is not a letter but a post-card—which was sent to me by the headmaster of a board school when I won a scholarship entitling me to five years' tuition at a more fashionable educational establishment, and incidentally bringing a certain amount of glory to the one he controlled, owing to the fact that I happened to head the list. It says:

"Heartiest congratulations on conspicuous and honourable success, from Mr. and Mrs. A."

He was on his honeymoon at the time, and it was good of him to remember me. In the message there was just a suggestion of equality, which was very pleasing, for I had regarded him hitherto as a tyrant who could not unbend.

Another that I treasure is from a very remarkable man.

He is, in every sense of the word, a sportsman, and everybody likes him; but nine-tenths of him seem to be brute. He is unresponsive to intimate friendship, and disappointing to anyone who wants to get at his heart. Heart, to him, seems merely the name given to the honest machine which pumps blood to his swelling muscles.

And yet I once broke down his reserve, or whatever it is that he uses to hide his feelings. At the end of a letter that now lies on the table in front of me he says:

"God bless you ——— you good old sport!"

Only a few words, but they meant a lot to him to write, because he isn't of the gushing sort, and they mean a lot to me.

THE FIRST JOB.

Another letter which is precious to a man is the one that heralded his first job. Mine is very brief:

"Messrs. ——— thank you for your application, and will be glad if you can make it convenient to call at their offices at 11 o'clock on Monday next."

I remember thinking at the time that they might have fixed the hour a bit earlier. Eleven o'clock meant that I was coming there about two hours after all their employees had started work; I would be arriving as a sort of visitor, a kind of honoured guest, and I was thirsting to get that job and be just like the rest of their employees.

I satisfied myself by passing their offices at precisely nine o'clock on the morning of the appointment, and waiting in a free library till eleven. There was a definite pleasure in being on the spot when the workers, whom I cordially envied, were going in.

On the next morning I was there at nine again, but this time as an employee, and twice as happy as I had been the day before.

PRIVATE.

There are other letters, but they are too private to be reproduced.

One is in my own handwriting; it was sent to my mother while I was spending the school holidays in the country.

It was written when I was fourteen, and boys of that age are insufferable, self-centred brats—which reflection helps to console me for the lamentable lack of warmth in that letter; it ends with "Yours very faithfully," and was apparently modelled on what I thought a "man" of the world would write.

There was not an atom of affection about it, but she kept it.

It is mine again now, and a lesson for always on the tolerant, silent, patient love that a woman can have for her son. Had I received a frigid letter like that, I should have burnt it.

There are some letters that a man keeps for a little while and then destroys—the love letters of his parents.

They, too, were young once, and they wrote much as you or I do under like circumstances.

The letters we get, we may keep; but theirs were their own, and not meant for other eyes, even for their children's.

And so we burn them unread, and watch the cindered paper curling up and crumbling into ash.

C. F.

THE BOXER'S MUSCLES.

Many people imagine that a champion boxer must be a man of enormous muscular development, but this is a mistake. Of course, a boxer of any class is a muscular man, for boxing is an incomparable exercise for developing *all* the muscles of the body; but the boxer's muscles, while tremendously supple and elastic, are small compared with those of a "strong man" or weight-lifter, and his biceps in particular are often no bigger than those of an ordinary man.

Fitzsimmons, for example, even in his prime, had no more than a 12-inch biceps, which is below the average. Many a schoolboy can show a twelve-inch biceps.

But then Fitzsimmons is and always was a physical phenomenon, for apart from his small arm he has only a 15-inch neck. Nevertheless, at his best he was one of the hardest hitters ever seen in the ring.

Johnson, the coloured champion, is a big man all over, having a 17¼-inch neck, a 42-inch chest (normal, 46-inch expanded), a 17-inch biceps, and a 14-inch forearm.

Sam Langford, however, whom many good judges consider Johnson's superior, while he has a 17½-inch neck has only 14-inch biceps and an 11-inch forearm.

Jim Jeffries is a huge man, but his 15½-inch biceps and 12-inch forearm cannot be called abnormally powerful.

J. J. Corbett had only a 14½-inch biceps, but he had a big 17-inch neck, while Gunner Moir cannot stretch the tape round his biceps more than 15 inches.

The explanation of the comparatively poor biceps measurements of the big boxers is that the biceps is of little use in punching, and that the wise boxer tries to avoid forming great masses of muscle which would only make him slow and cumbersome in attack and defence.

What he aims at is the acquirement of skill.

SPORTING SCAMPS.

UNDERHAND TRICKS IN VARIOUS GAMES.

A Rugby football match is in progress. A wing three-quarter is sprinting down the left, but he finds himself shut in. The defence has been drawn to his side, and he sees that some of his comrades are lying up-field on the right. If he could get the ball to them, they would have a clear course, but they are off-side so long as he is behind them. So he kicks the ball across to the men off-side, and then puts them on-side by racing straight ahead until he is level with them, when he shouts "on-side!" and one of them gathers the ball, tears down the unprotected wing, and scores an easy try.

This is a perfectly legitimate manœuvre, but our three-quarter is a sporting scamp, for when he was still a yard or two short of having put his men on-side, he shouted "on-side!" though well aware that he said the thing that was not. The referee, not being up with the three-quarter, could not be sure whether he had reached the on-side point, and assuming that he was refereeing for gentlemen, was "bluffed" into allowing the score.

So common has this scampish practice of falsely shouting "on-side" become that the Rugby Union have made it a penalty offence.

At "Soccer" the sporting scamp gratifies his evil propensities in dirty little fouls. They are made unobtrusively, and on the blind side of the referee. A forward has slipped the scamp of a half, and the two are racing neck and neck. The forward, however, has the legs of the half, and the latter knows that in another stride or two he will be beaten. He is between the "ref." and the forward, and with a sudden jab he drives his elbow into his opponent's side. Over goes the forward, badly winded; but the referee cannot be sure of what has happened, for, for all he could see, it might have been a fair shoulder charge.

Another dodge of the "Soccer" scamp is to pretend to be hurt when he isn't. He, the back, has been bowled over in trying to stop a forward, and the latter has a clear course for goal. The scamp, perfectly unharmed, writhes on the ground or pretends to be stunned, and the referee has no option but to stop the game, and thus rob the other side of a practically certain goal.

Cricket is supposed to be free from trickery; but is it? There was one county side that a few years ago earned an unenviable reputation for knavish tricks, more particularly in the matter of bogus appeals. In the case of a doubtful catch at the wicket or a questionable l.b.w. the whole side, or nearly the whole side, would make a loud and confident appeal, and umpires were thus often "bluffed" into wrong decisions.

Then there is the cricketing scamp, who claims a catch when he knows full well that the ball has just touched the ground before he got to it; the wicket-keeper, who in the case of a run-out breaks the wicket before he has actually got the ball in his hands; and there are cricketers who are very clever in "accidentally" obstructing a fielder.

Obstruction is often carried to a fine art in running or cycling races. Generally it takes one or two to play this dirty game. They arrange between them to "shut in" a dangerous competitor, and so manage that he never gets an opening, but it is done so cleverly that whatever the judges may suspect they cannot be sure.

Or one of the gang will "accidentally" knock out the man who is not to be allowed to win. The scamp pretends through sheer exhaustion to knock against the victim, throwing him out of his stride or off his machine, and it is very difficult for the judges to say that it was done deliberately.

The billiard scamp will try to put you off your stroke by pretending to think that you are playing with the wrong ball. Of course, he apologises profusely for his mistake, but he has achieved his object of unsettling you. Another trick of the billiard sharp is "accidentally" to drop his cue just as you are on the point of playing, while a timely sneeze has more than once ruined a promising break.

C. E. Parton.

MESSAGES FROM OUR READERS

FOR EARLY HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

It very often happens to a good many sportsmen who earn their living in the hurrying world of business to be told by a stony-hearted employer that if they want any holidays at all, they must take them early in the year—say, during the early part of March; and at this they are apt to cavil, on the very natural ground that at that time of the year, sport—without which a holiday is worthless—is practically unobtainable.

But it is not. On the sea-coast of Norfolk and Suffolk one can have a splendid time on a lesser outlay than if one had stopped at home.

For one thing, clean, cosy, and comfortable rooms can be obtained for as little as half a crown a week; and the cost of hiring boats for sea or river fishing is about a shilling a day.

Say your fare is 15s. return, and two weeks' lodging at 2s. 6d. a week—5s. Say that you hire a boat three days in each week at 1s. a day, then 6s. is added to your expenses. Then calculate your meals at 2s. 6d. a day—it will probably be less, for the landladies in the smaller towns are, for the most part, honest, motherly souls—and your food bill will amount to £1 15s.

This adds up to £3 1s.—a very cheap price for a fortnight's thoroughly enjoyable holiday.

THE LENGTHENING DAYS.

"What a splendid long time it keeps light, now, doesn't it?" you will hear men remark just now, and this makes me wonder whether everybody else agrees with them.

Personally, I don't. I feel a little sad, if anything, to think that those good old long winter evenings with pipe and book are to be curtailed. I used to look forward, towards the end of the day's work at the office, to a short spin in a train through the dark, and then—home, and the joys of comfort.

And now what lies before me? Soon I shall be stopping work with the sun shining full through the office window, and will probably be made by stern female relatives to do a lot of weeding in the garden before I get my dinner!

A MAN'S SPORTING DIARY.

There is a man living in the same lodgings with me who has invented a novel hobby. He keeps a sporting diary.

He has done it for years; and apart from the interest it possesses for him, he has found it very useful more than once.

When he goes through his evening paper after dinner he holds his cherished diary on his knee, and if he comes across anything interesting in the sporting news, he jots it down.

He can tell you how many goals the F.A. Cup was won by five years ago, the very latest record time for the hundred yards, the betting on the Boat Race for years back. In fact, he is a veritable encyclopædia of sporting subjects.

THE HANDY MAN.

No, I don't mean the Jack Tar. I am simply alluding to that most useful of beings, the man who can turn his hand to any job that comes his way. One of him is living in the same diggings with me at the present moment, and I don't know what I should do if he took it into his head to leave.

He it was who tinkered up my pipes that had worked loose at the screws, or cracked slightly at the bowl; he it was who sawed little chunks off the legs of my disreputable deal study-table, so as to admit of its being brought into my room; and he it was who glued those same chunks on again afterwards.

And what's more, the handy man is a very capable plain cook; so that often he and I enjoy rapidly prepared suppers late at night which are well worth all the nightmares that inevitably follow.

I am arranging a camping-out party for my next summer holidays; and one thing I've firmly decided upon is that the "handy man" shall be one of the "crew."

EXHILARATION OF A LONG TRAIN RIDE.

Although, of course, in most cases, lengthy journeys by train, especially at night, are inexpressibly boring, there are nevertheless occasions when a long train spin is productive of much subtle exhilaration to the sportsman. One of these occasions is a sunny Saturday afternoon in England.

It is then that the traveller is enabled to grasp more completely than by any other means the enormous extent of the hold that manly sports have exerted on the English nation. As the express dashes onwards through towns, big and small, flashing past tiny hamlets and progressing more sedately through the great industrial centres, he sees sport in full swing everywhere.

Sport, too, of many a different kind. Football, of course, predominates, and the train dashes past many a field just too quickly to let the traveller see the upshot of pieces of play that fill him for the time with intense excitement. Then he will see some solitary figures, walking steadily. Soon one of them stops dead, then a club whirls through the air, a white ball darts on its way, and the figures walk on again.

"A splendid drive!" mutters the traveller. "That chap's a golfer."

EARLY MORNING TENNIS.

What can equal it? To get up at six o'clock on a beautiful July morning, get out your tennis racket and boots—and, if the court is some distance from home, your bike—and getting across the saddle, have a short exhilarating ride at top speed through the crisp morning air, which in itself is enough to set every part of your body aglow with warmth, and, after calling for your pal, get to the court as soon as possible.

The air is delightful and clear as a bell, the sun is just flooding the land with warmth and sunshine, the smell of the flowers and leaves floats to your nostrils, and amid the piping of scores of birds you are ready to play the game of your life.

Play first of all a fast, keen game, preferably for a wager, to make the pace hot, and afterwards practise all your latest serves, and strokes, those with which you hope some day to startle your opponent in some big Tournament, your American and other services, your chops and cuts, which when perfected mean so much in a match. That dash in to kill the ball, your own patent stroke, until you imagine you can some day see yourself become a Ritchie, a Crawley, or a Doherty.

Without doubt it is the best time of the day for practice, because in a mere "tea party" game your partner will not appreciate your sending ball after ball into the net, and perhaps losing the game, in your endeavour to land a "swervy" one in your opponents' court.

There are no girls to sit and giggle when your new service finds the net, time after time, and your opponent will insist on crying "fault, fault," and when your would-be smash goes soaring far over your opponent's court, there are no cries of "lost ball," and so on.

After about an hour of real hard practising, you mount your bike and ride home, just as people are beginning to stir about, and then you remember that but for early morning tennis, you would have been one of them. Instead of rubbing the sleep from your eyes and feeling only half awake, you are returning full of life and strength, and fit for anything.

Those who are sometimes short of an appetite will find the above a never-failing remedy, which will speedily bring them one large enough for two men.

ENTERTAINING FRIENDS.

No doubt most of us, now and then, give an informal bachelor party to a select gathering of our chosen cronies; so that possibly some use may be derived by readers of THE MODERN MAN from the following hints on how to make it go off well.

The best thing to do, perhaps, in the catering direction is to ask each of your guests beforehand what viands—of course, of a reasonable cost—he is especially partial to.

One, perhaps, will favour pork-pies and bottled beer. These are easy to get. Another, perhaps, prefers whisky; and this is more of a puzzler, for whisky is so deuced expensive these days. But you solve the problem by buying a shillingsworth or so in a bottle.

Of course, be well stocked with baccy and cigarettes, and lay in a good supply of sandwiches. Then, as the racing tipsters say, the success of your entertainment is a "dead snip."

DON'T DESPISE THE ROUGH.

A good many of us are prone to look down upon the man who stands about in the street, with a none too clean scarf round his neck, using language which even his best friend couldn't call Parliamentary. "He's a rough," they say, and pass him by with something like horror.

But they don't realise that the "rough" is a man—and a good one too. I am not talking of the Hooligan, the sickly drink-sodden youth who hunts in bands for unprotected people. No punishment could be too severe for this miserable creature. But the ordinary "rough" is a man of quite different type.

He may shout rude remarks at you as you pass by, and irritate you into fighting him. But he will fight you alone—and he will fight fair.

It is a well-known fact that men of this type make the best soldiers of our Regular Army. The rough is a good man to have by your side in a tight corner.

SIGNS OF OVERWORK.

Perhaps, while going along the street, you have noticed a man coming towards you—a keen-looking, fine-drawn man, whose eyes look as though he were always thinking. Suddenly, he will stop—and wince, as though in pain. Then he will go on again. This is one of the symptoms of overwork.

Have you seen, in the suburban trains at night, tired toilers nodding as they travel? What kind of men are they? Navvies? No; they are clerks, and overworked.

"Going off one's feed" is a very ordinary sign of overwork, which latter, by the way, is getting to be a very common malady nowadays, unfortunately.

PARAGRAPHS WANTED.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Don't send a letter to the Editor with a paragraph. Address it to him direct.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. H. Heywood, "Rosemary," Keele Road, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs., for "Early Morning Tennis."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S HUNTING

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"Somehow or other," said Trooper Stephen, of the King's Own, "Trooper Kernahan, my young friends"—the recruits blushed, Sergeant Hall and Trooper Carteret looked suitably indignant—"does not appeal even to his closest friends as the settling-down sort, does he?"

"Don't know," said Trooper Carteret, shaking his head. "He's got into a horrible habit of collecting mementos. Asked me for my photograph the other day, and got chatting quite gloomily——"

"Hang it, he asked me for *mine!*" said Trooper Stephen, suddenly. "What did he say to *you*, Carteret?"

Carteret kicked the Yeomanry Room fire into a blaze.

"Nothing much," he replied. "It was after our day with the East Blankshire Foxhounds——"

There was a measured jingling of spurs upon the boarded floor. Trooper Kernahan, his red-lined coat over his arm and his whip in his hand, entered.

"Where's the 'Major?" he asked. Already the clock marked the seventh hour, at which time the Sergeant-Major was usually present to order the "fall in" for dismounted drill in the hall below.

"Here——" said Trooper Stephen, and handed a telegram to his friend.

The Sergeant-Major had missed his train. It meant a half-hour's delay at the very least.

"Well, and how's Peacock?" asked Trooper Carteret. "How's the old warhorse?"

"Oh—well—I might say, convalescent. Wish I'd known the Sergeant-Major was going to be late. I could have spent a little more time down—er—at the stable."

"Oh, don't sheath your sword for lack of argument, Kerny," said Trooper Stephen, cheerfully. "Sergeant-Major looked in at the 'Meteor' yesterday, and told me to remind you about those scores. You'll find a whole bloomin' list to work out down in the Sergeants' Mess. Meant to tell you yesterday, in the 'Meteor,' but I forgot."

Trooper Kernahan, anathematising the weary memory of Trooper Stephen, caught up his sword that he had girded on, and clanked out of the room.

"Observe, my children!" said Trooper Stephen. "Observe what invariably happens to the willing horse. He is made to go. . . . I say, Carteret, what's that stable of his like?"

"Well, you should have seen us both slaving in that shed, rigging it up to accommodate old Peacock! . . . And old Kernahan was whistling the whole bloomin' time—whistling and sawing, or whistling and knockin.' *Very* cheerful customer, Kernahan. If ever a man deserved a horse, he did. . . . But he's got such a habit of looking into the future.

"'I shall die contented now, Carteret,' he said to me. 'I'm providin' for my future, as you might say—a future of pleasant memories. One of these days I shall invite you round to a room full of them. I shall call it the Pleasant Memories Room, too, boy. There'll be photos of my old friends all round it, camp photos, Gibson's caricatures, little odd mementos of old times. . . . Hang it, boy,' he went on, 'just think of it! One of these days you and I'll be thirty—thirty-five—*forty*——'

"'And not "too old" at *that*,' I reminded him.

"'Rather *not!*' says old Kerny. 'Anyhow, I'll wager that the touch of the present Tenth Legion doesn't fade away from new Squadron "B"s that shall be, any more than the Tenth Legion will fade from my mind,' he says. 'And as I told you, one of these days I shall be invitin' you round to that Pleasant Memories Room. Yes; *you*, little Carteret. *You* grown broader, p'r'aps wearin' a moustache, and livin' a life as behoves a famed Master of Foxhounds! . . . Then I shall show you all the old photos and the little relics of the Tenth Legion days.'

"I caught his idea.

"'And,' I said, 'a polished hoof of old Peacock.'

"*That* made old Kernahan a bit solemn.

"'Don't say *that* the day after I've got the old horse for my very own,' says he."

A recruit broke in.

"Has Kernahan got Peacock now? *I* thought he used to hire the horse from Tarrant (where I get *my* mounted drill charger). Then Tarrant sold him to a Captain—er——"

"Massey," Carteret put in, "Massey, of the First Battery."

"Yes—for thirty quid. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes," Stephen growled. "Kerny *had* twenty, and was fool enough not to ask *us* for the odd fifteen—the fiver rise Tarrant required, y' know. It took old Hall and me some time to forgive him, didn't it, Hall?"

"Rather!" said the redoubtable Sergeant, waking from a reverie. "*I* haven't forgiven him yet—the blighter!"

"Well, how did he manage to buy the horse after all?" asked the recruit.

"Through the Colonel asking the best riders out to a day with the East Blankshire Foxhounds. I was the only chap not qualified to wear the Spur, y' know. Of course, I had a sort of right to be there, as my guv'nor is deputy Master . . . It's a sort of little treat that the Colonel—being Master of the East Blankshire—gives to the roughriders in this regiment. They are invited to the two military days with the East Blankshire. P'r'aps you chaps who've just joined don't know this?

"It's the one occasion when the good Colonel relaxes military rule a bit. I was round at Kerny's when the note came from Grundall House, where the Colonel keeps a few 'chasers, that he runs sometimes at Mettersett . . . ('Member when old Kerny rode the winner of the Methersett Grand Military on the Colonel's horse, Stevie?) . . . Old Kernahan looked pretty average dismal when he read that invitation over to me.

"'Just my ruddy luck, Carteret, my pure-souled youth,' he said to me. 'No sooner do I, virtually speakin', lose Peacock, the best horse that ever carried a Yeoman, to *my* mind (hang it, I'll swear he knows the bloomin' orders himself!), than 'way comes an invite from the Colonel! I was almost hoping,' he says 'that that military day would be "off" this year.'

"'Cheer up, sport,' I said to him. 'Doubtless the dyspeptic Tarrant, of the mews, will be equal to the occasion. Couple of our bloods are turned out, or I could assist you to solve the problem.

"'Yes, . . but I like a horse I *know*,' said Kernahan.

"'Rot!' said I. 'You can ride anything. You're still hankering after Peacock, that's what it is.'"

Trooper Stephen gravely nodded assent.

"You were right for once, Carteret," he said.

Trooper Carteret bowed to Stephen and the assembled Yeomen. The group around the fireplace was increasing as he was speaking. Assuming a more graceful pose by the mantelpiece, he went on.

"'Anyhow, I fixed up with him to ride over to the Meet at Grundall House in the morning, provided that he could pick up a nag of some sort at the mews. Things being slack in the landed estates line, thanks to Mr. Lloyd George, to get the day off was easy. (So even Budgets do good to somebody.)

"'I was a little surprised to find old Kernahan turning up breeched, booted, and spurred—he'd pressed the jack-boots, as supplied by Headquarters, into service, and he looked *it*.'"

Trooper Stephen and the rest smiled broadly.

"Dear old boy," said Sergeant Hall. "Naturally he *would*. It's a dam' shame that money always seems to get left to the wrong people. Think—just *think*—what a sport of a country gentleman dear old Kerny would have made! *And* what a Master of Foxhounds! Resume, Carteret, and pardon my interruption."

"Righto! Er—well—off we went. Kernahan had a classic-*looking* chestnut mare out with him, very thin legs, very little barrel, and a long tail. He looked more like a weeded-out racehorse than anything else.

"I mentioned this to Kernahan as we went along at a smart trot, keepin' to the green, soft part, by the hedgerows. (You know what a stickler Kerny is for ridin' on soft ground wherever possible.)

"'So she is,' said Kernahan. 'She was foaled in Newmarket, and made a mucker of it in a trial, so that the opulent brewer who owned her instructed his trainer to get rid of her. Anyhow, Carteret,' he says. 'You can judge her value when I tell you that old Tarrant offered her to me for twenty of the best—just my balance at the bank. I think she's worth more, myself. Yet I suppose Tarrant picked her up for an odd tenner. You know what these Newmarket trainers are in the off-season! And Tarrant's motto was always *small* profits—hundred per cent. or so—and quick returns, where possible.'

"Nothin', however, would induce old Kernahan to head out into anything like a canter. We had five miles or so to go, and he said he was savin' his mount up for the hunt—which was sensible.

"'Besides,' says he, 'I've got another idea——.'

"He hadn't concluded the sentence when there was a deuce of a clumpety-clump behind us—pardon the description, Hall—and somethin' came gallopin' past us no end of a whack.

"'By gosh!' says old Kernahan, drawing rein. 'Hanged if that wasn't Massey ridin' dear old Peacock!'

"'Who?' says I. I hadn't quite caught the name.

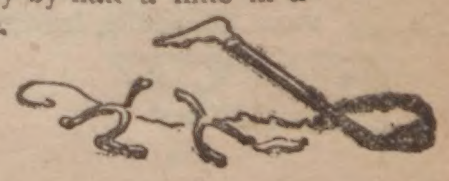
"'Why, Massey, who bought Peacock?' says Kernahan. 'Surely you remember comin' round with me to Tarrant's yard, and Tarrant wanting thirty-five for the horse, which I hadn't got—more's the pity.'

"He seemed quite shirty about it. I was sorry for remindin' him of a painful incident.

"'Well, look here,' I said. 'Don't let a Captain of the bloomin' First Battery pass us. He's bound to be goin' to the Meet. I suppose Blenkinsop's asked him to the Military Day. Let your mount out a bit, Kernahan, and "Get along!" as the song says.'

"Old Kernahan gave me one of those side-looks of his. You know 'em, boys.

"'When,' says he, 'shall I succeed in knocking a little forethought into your head? When shall I teach you to sacrifice a modicum of empty glory for the greater benefit of tangible profit? My dear boy, this mare is a racer of sorts, and, after the rough work he's had, I'd back her to catch the rather slow but far surer Peacock, and whack him and Massey by half a mile in a race to Grundall House.



Peacock, you see, is a sort of Grand National horse. This one's built for speed. But I'm going to serve her up to-day. Methinks the swanky Captain Massey might fancy her in preference to what his groom told me he termed "the elephantine Peacock." Anyhow, you'll see,' he says.

"'I see already,' I said. 'You're goin' to suggest a swop, eh, laddie?'

"'*Suggest* a swop? Oh, where's your diplomacy? Where's your tact? Where's your bloomin' strategy?' old Kernahan says. 'Can you see *me* goin' up, weepin' on Peacock's neck, and saying to Massey, "Please will you have this horse instead?" and then payin' the twenty to Tarrant for the chestnut? It's my belief, Carteret,' he says, 'that you'll never, never make a financier.'

"That shut me up. But I twigged his game a little. Our pace for the rest of the journey was funereal. All I could get out of Kernahan was: 'It ain't the 'untin' wot 'urts the 'osses, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road.'

"It's a quotation from the immortal Jorrocks, I believe—more or less correct.

"We arrived at the Meet. Mostly military men had turned up to the Colonel's invitation, and there was a fair sprinkling of the country bloods, feelin', doubtless, very superior—but they didn't look it.

"Kernahan just observes to the Tenth Legion generally:

"'You stick to me to-day, boys, and keep the gallant Captain Massey at it, too. Hall and I will give a lead over the ticklish ones, and don't any of you start gate-openin', for the sake of our reputation,' says he, 'or you'll hear from me. And the only excuse for lyin' on the ground after a fall is a fair knock-out or a broken limb. Anyhow, stick to me. And if you dare to open a gate, Carteret,' he adds pleasantly, 'I'll have you drummed out of the bloomin' regiment!'

"After the usual courtesies had been exchanged—Kernahan bein' particularly polite to Captain Massey—off we went.

"I heard the Captain remark to Kernahan upon the fresh appearance of the chestnut.

"'Ride her from Brermouth or take her by train?' asks Massey.

"'Rode the whole way,' says Kernahan, lightly, and marshalling the Tenth Legion with a wink of his wise old eye, we got into some sort of irregular but efficient formation while they were drawing the first cover.

"I had begun to tumble to Kernahan's little strategy. The other fellows looked upon their unofficial charge of Captain Massey as somethin' in connection with the prestige of the King's Own. The Fates always played with Kernahan like that.

"Massey, too, at a Battery dinner, had referred to us as the Swanky Swineherds (because Squadron 'A's' sports included a pig-hunt). It was unfair to spread the title to the Blankshire Yeomanry in general—wherefore the whole Tenth, who take charge of the Squadron's honour, reckoned they would show this funny gun-runner that even the S.S.'s *could* hunt foxes into the bargain.

"We were lucky in drawin' what I should call a most obliging fox, that broke cover on the other side of the clump of willows.

"Off we go—a very pretty sight indeed—yours truly gettin' thrown on to the nag's neck in consequence of his breakin' into a canter at once, instead of leadin' off with the easy preliminary trot that I expected of him!"

Trooper Stephen sighed.

"What a horseman!" he said.

"Half a sec., Willie dear——. It had its uses, for I had to drop behind a bit, and thus I was enabled to wait on Massey. Now, Peacock was never built for anything but a cavalry horse. He can go all day at a fair pace with only an occasional burst of speed, as given by the order to gallop in the field. But it doesn't suit him to be hard hunted after a long gallop.

"Kernahan knew this, and laid his plans accordingly. Forewarned is forearmed—as the Boer said to the Brigadier-General.

"Peacock, bein' big-hearted, practically flew the first fence. Kernahan's chestnut had taken it more gracefully, leavin' but little to spare. She was a bit used to the game, it was evident. 'Sides, Kernahan told me she had been hunted with the Newmarket Drag.

"The fox was obligingly hoppin' it extra special, and leadin' hounds no end of a dance up hill and down dale.

"We were comin' to some stiffish country, too, each jump bein' a bit bigger than the last; but the Tenth stuck to it—me, tremblin', but not bein' able to stop myself for joy of the thing.

"I just caught a wink from old Kernahan as we neared somethin' *really* tasty. The chestnut goes bang for it and clears—luckily. Then I come over—so—and slosh! I'm almost in the ditch the other side, with dear old Massey keepin' me company just clear of the water, amid covert yells of 'What ho! the Swanky Swineherds!' and so forth from the most unmannerly of the Tenth Legion.

"Kernahan gave Hall the office to continue with the epic for the glory of Squadron 'B,' and he drops behind to pull me out of trouble—and incidentally to strike while the iron was hot with Massey.

"It was done in a second. Kernahan offered him the chestnut.

"'Allow me, sir!' says old Kernahan as polite and courtly as you please. 'It's no use your yellin' out to anyone to catch your horse. I'll bet I'm the only one in the field that can do that. I've had him at five camps. I know him—which is necessary with Peacock,' says he.

"Almost before Massey could think, Kernahan had hoisted him up into the saddle.

"'Now,' he said, 'you'll still stand a sportin' chance with—er—the Swanky Swineherds. This one *can* go—and I don't think anyone can do much with Peacock but me——!'"

Trooper Stephen brought his whip down upon the table smartly.

"Well—I'm—damned!" he said. "For pure sauce, recommend me to Trooper Kernahan, of the King's Own!"

"Diplomacy—diplomacy, my boy!" Trooper Carteret corrected him. "Subsequently, at a little cold collation at Grundall House, Captain Massey borrowed a cheque from the Colonel and made it out to Kernahan for——"

"For what?" asked two or three Yeomen.

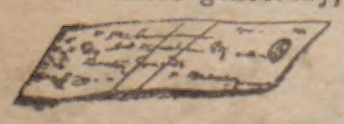
"Just the requisite twenty quid!" said Trooper Carteret. "Thus the deal was diplomatically arranged, Stephen. Peacock *and* the twenty old Tarrant required in exchange for the chestnut. Besides——"

Trooper Kernahan, who had just entered with the belated Sergeant-Major, broke in, genially.

"And," he said, "you chaps ought to have heard Master Carteret curse when we had to walk the slightly lame Peacock all the way to his new home."

The Sergeant-Major coughed discreetly.

"The Swanky Swineherds," he said, "will now fall in!"



ARE FOOTBALLERS STUPID?

During the recent various rounds for the F.A. Cup there were many instances of fancied teams throwing away victory through failing to adapt themselves to the conditions of the moment. They tried the close-passing game, for example, on grounds that were like quagmires, and on which the only game to play was that of swinging the ball about from wing to wing. And it was not a matter of mistaken tactics by one or two teams, but of many teams showing an astonishing lack of common sense.

In other directions, too, footballers showed a want of ordinary intelligence. One team at least turned out in boots totally unsuited to the ground they had to play on, not apparently having dreamt of finding climatic conditions different from those prevailing in their own part of the country.

One would think that a first-class team would know the danger of easing up attack and concentrating on defence. Yet Tottenham Hotspur made this fatal mistake against Swindon, with the result that the latter, being able to put their whole energies into attacking, snatched an eleventh-hour victory.

Then professional football is often dreadfully stereotyped, and the men rarely show initiative. Of course, all footballers are not stupid, but many of them do not appear to be overburdened with ordinary horse-sense.

American footballers have many faults, but they are not guilty of this one; with them combination is a fine art, but every member of a team is also taught to use his common sense and to think for himself.

COLT'S MATCHES.

At this time of the year, when the breath of the spring seems to whisper "cricket," it may not be unseasonable to ask ourselves this question: "We know where we get our prominent amateur cricketers from—the public schools and the universities, but how do we originally get our first-class professionals?"

In a great measure the answer to that question would be "By means of colts' matches," for it is in this way that juvenile talent among the humbler orders is recognised and fostered.

What are "colts"? Well, every early spring each cricket county gets its eleven into swing by making it play matches with sixteen "colts" of the county, otherwise youths who have passed certain tests to show that their proficiency was above a certain standard. One will see such notices as "a trial of X—shire colts will take place on the —— ground on such-and-such a date," and you may be sure that it will be well attended, for it offers glittering prospects.

Tom Hayward started his cricket career in a colts' match, though it was not for Surrey, the county he now graces, but for Cambridgeshire, the county of his birth.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We already have over ten thousand League members; if you have not joined, fill up the form beneath and post it to-day.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

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The League Badge. (Actual Size.)

Building a Poultry Run

HOW TO MAKE AND STOCK IT.

Poultry-keeping is an interesting hobby, which under certain conditions can be made a really profitable one.

The first thing to be considered is the available space on which to put up a properly-constructed fowl-house, for if fowls are to do any good they must be housed well.

A man with only a rudimentary knowledge of carpentry can, with the aid of a few hints such as those about to be given, put up a house and run which will serve his purpose admirably, and the cost need be but trifling.

The materials may all be purchased ready prepared. This is, of course, an immense advantage to the amateur; there are plenty of good firms which sell what are known as cheap woods.

The boards usually used for this purpose are of three-quarter-inch deal, grooved and planed for immediate use. Window- and door-frames also can be bought, as well as the door itself, and the work then really resolves itself into a putting together rather than complete construction.

The first thing to do is to level the ground. If the locality is a damp one, or the drainage defective, then a layer or so of bricks is a good investment, as fowls are peculiarly susceptible to damp. Then comes the sill, preferably of planks about 3in. thick and 4in. wide, nailed together. Next come the four upright posts; these are usually tenoned into the sill at the corners.

A similar framework to that of the sill must be made to fit on the top of these posts to receive the roof.

FITTING THE DOORWAY.

Let in the door-frame, or, if this has not been purchased, two more posts. The position of the door is immaterial.

The proper position for a fowl-house is that facing south.

Now put on the walls and fasten them firmly together, make the door and hinge it on to the door-post, and lastly put on the roof. The boards for this purpose ought to overlap, and are what I believe carpenters and builders call "feather-edged." These can be bought ready for use, just as the other boards can.

It must not be forgotten that an opening must be left for a window. This should be protected by wire netting, which admits light and air without any chance of escape on the part of the inmates.

As the outside is now practically finished, the inside merits attention. A roost pole or separate perches must be fixed up, and also a dropping board.

MINOR NECESSARIES.

This latter may be either nailed fast, or it may be fixed to supports and be removable; the latter is, perhaps, to be recommended for sanitary reasons, as it can be taken out periodically and thoroughly cleansed. This board should be about 15in. from the floor or a little higher.

A box for grit and a drinking fountain are essentials.

The floor should be covered with either ashes or sand, or that invaluable ally of the poultry-keeper, peat-moss. The latter has antiseptic properties which make up for any drawbacks it may possess.

Nest-boxes must also be provided, and a dust bath.

A run should be attached to the fowl-house, and made of galvanised wire.

The only things now that remain to be done are the painting of the outside with some good oil paint, and the giving of a coat of lime-wash to the interior, and the house is ready for its inmates.

The fowls themselves are the next consideration. Supposing that the house just constructed is about 4ft. square and 5ft. 10in. high, and the run perhaps 6ft. long, then it will accommodate safely about a dozen fowls. The chief danger comes from overcrowding.

The question of breed is one that largely depends on the fanciers' tastes, but a good cross is the best for the beginner to start with.

Of the pure varieties Minorcas, Leghorns, and Houdans may be recommended. They are good layers, and have another point in their favour—they are hardy. For all round birds the Wyandotte and Orpington take a lot of beating.

A SMALL BEGINNING.

One of my acquaintances started his poultry-keeping with the purchase of a broody hen and a sitting of eggs, and was successful. Another man bought a pair of pedigree chicks without having an ounce of experience to back up the venture, and it turned out all right.

To obtain stock the best plan is to go to a reliable poultry-fancier. There generally happens to be one in most large districts, and the buyer may possibly get some practical advice along with the fowls.

Another method of getting what you want is by advertising in either a local or fanciers' paper. In this way you may be able to purchase a little cheaper than by going to a fancier, but ten chances to one you will buy your experience more dearly.

A few general hints on the treatment may not be out of place here. Water must be given fresh daily, and the house must be kept scrupulously clean. In a house such as has been described, the latter operation is by no means an arduous task. The drinking fountain and feeding-troughs must be washed, and the nest-boxes replaced from time to time. A little insect powder sprinkled over them is a good preventative of parasites.

CONVERTING A SHED.

If funds or time do not permit of such a fowl-house and run as above described, a shed may be converted into one—but see that the roof is rain-proof and that it can be cleaned out thoroughly.

The easiest of all buildings to put up is a lean-to, and, of course, it is the cheapest, as it takes much less material.

Again, the roof may be of galvanised iron, which is easy to put on, and very durable, while the run may be a simple home-manufactured one of pieces of wood with wire netting nailed to it, the whole made to look presentable by a coat of Brunswick black for the netting and one of paint for the woodwork.

The main points in poultry-keeping are to avoid overcrowding and the effects of damp.

J. B. Stowell.

THINGS YOU WANT.

You can buy them at a very moderate cost by advertising in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

THE MARSHLAND MILL-KEEPER.

A BROADLAND CHARACTER.

He is less well known, perhaps, to the people than his popular cousin, the "dusty miller," who grinds the farmer's corn, because he leads a life apart from his fellow-creatures.

No breezy eminence for him where every breath of air from every quarter of the heavens has its value. True, he has winds—keen, cutting, pitiless, and often laden with damp mist or heavy with scudding rain—but it is not corn that he grinds in that tall, picturesque structure that rises out of low-lying level marshes. He grinds nothing, though the long, lanky sails of the mill fly round like a madman's arms.

The purpose of their winter whirlings is something different, but no less urgent. Dotted all about the levels, standing always on the edge of dyke and drain and river, the thousands of mills of broadland, and of all such tracts, keep the winter floods from rising. When the rain has soaked the pasture and the land can carry no more water, when the dykes are filled to overflowing, and the cattle and the milking herds are in danger on the lonely farms of the marshes, the marshland miller comes as the rescuer of man and beast.

He trims his sails to catch the wind and sets the lumbering cogs and shafts in motion, pumping day and night to draw the water from the dykes and turn it into the tidal river that winds sleepily to the sea through the mud-flats that swarm with whistling sea-birds.

As far as the eye can follow the mud walls that enclose the reedy river, the mill sails are flying round and round. Hundreds may be counted along the stream's course, but no stream can be seen.

The mills rise high out of the levels, and at a distance it would seem that they are planted down in the midst of green fields uselessly, or merely to break the monotonous green of the marshes. But they mark the river's windings, and in every one there works and watches a tried and trusted marshland miller. Each man watches, often by day and night when the floods threaten—watches the slow creep of the water upward to the banks of the dykes, giving the mill-sails greater play as the flood-water gathers and the cattle are in danger.

Hour after hour the pumps never cease for a moment from lifting the water from the land into the river. He dreads the falling of the wind, for this means the stopping of the pumps, and then he must needs kindle the fire in the quaint little brick engine-house with its stump of ugly chimney, that only rises half-way up the mill's full height.

Then he fights water with water, driving the mill by steam power. But by wind or steam he is ever engaged in a race with the floods.

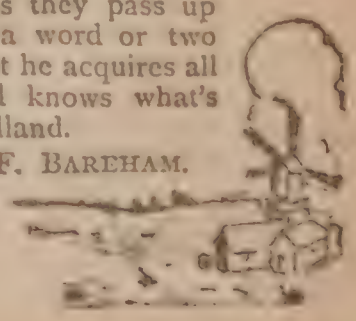
In the spells of drought which visit even his marshy land he quits the mill and turns fisherman, or eel-catcher, or he takes his old gun down from the chimney-piece and saunters out in search of wild-fowl. There is plenty for him to do at all times, and he seems to thrive in the marsh mist that would strike down with ague all who were not hardened to the life.

He is a man of few words, and these gruff and to the point. Long association with undisturbed Nature has given his character and his person the texture of oak bark, rough, gnarled, wrinkled, hard, but enclosing solid worth.

He is noted for his drinking powers. Not that he is a drunkard or a sot. Far from it. The life would kill off such men. But he lives far from the village inn, and his visits are few and far between. It is not surprising, therefore, if he sometimes makes too good use of his opportunities.

Through many a day he will see no human beings beyond the wherrymen, as they pass up and down the river, and throw a word or two across the water in passing. Yet he acquires all the gossip of the riverside, and knows what's doing in half the villages in Broadland.

F. Bareham.



Where Men Forgather

LV.
THE GRAND NATIONAL.

You may go to Goodwood for aristocracy, Ascot for fashions, Epsom for the public fête of Derby Day—but if you want to see a *race*, go to Aintree and witness the Grand National.

You will then have the privilege of travelling by what is to the mind of a man who has been "round the courses," the merriest race-train of the year, for those who do not attend the curtain-raiser at Lincoln on the Monday previous start out hopefully from Euston on the "Grand Nash" morning, and at Liverpool join the ranks of their brother "regulars," who have formed up at Lincoln on the opening day of flat-racing.

For several years past there has been run a day-excursion, third class, from Euston to Aintree, an excellent non-stop train. The fare of a pound includes breakfast on board the train and a dinner returning, the latter item being an acceptable thing when fortune frowns.

The Grand National is a vastly different affair, socially, from any other race of the year, for many country people, "small" and "big" farmers' sons, go up to see the champion leppers performing over the sticks. Thus, the young sportsman who is no gambler can well spend an enjoyable day, for thousands attend the race merely for the love of the horses, and five shillings or so on a "fancy" to put an interest in the race is usually the limit of their investment—to the chagrin of the bookmakers.

THE AINTREE BET.

"Forties, that one, sir!" says the metallician, hopefully, scenting a crisp fiver on an outsider.

But, when the substantial-looking young man hands him two half-crowns, he observes loudly to his clerk: "'Nother bloomin' Aintree bet! Forty dollars to one. (And mind I don't welsh yer, sir, if the 'orse wins!)"

You see types of the country sportsman in all the various rings from "Tatts" to the "ten-bob tank," but the best of his kind prefers to watch the National on the open course, to which the admission is a half-crown. There is always a crowd by the big fences, and that crowd is never without its sharper. So beware! In these groups a peaceful-looking gentleman will often open his large umbrella, and, producing the familiar three cards, proceed to invite the greenhorns (who, strange to say, are found at Aintree year after year) to pick out the lady. Like all ladies, this one is particularly elusive.

COMPARING THE RUNNERS.

The programme at Aintree on Grand National day is a mixed one of flat-racing and steeplechasing.

Thus, men who have an eye for a horse beyond its use as a betting medium have a chance of comparing the points of the lepper with his younger and more slender relation, the flat-racer. To turn one's eye from the competitors in the Sefton Park Plate (a race limited to two-year-olds, distance four furlongs) to the Grand National entrants is, in itself a study.

A fairer comparison, perhaps, can be made with the "milers" in the Bickerstaffe Stakes (for three-year-olds). The merest layman can then see what a complete difference in development and outline exists between the 'chaser and the flat-racer, the one trained for speed, the other for "lepping power" and stamina.

The three-year-old "milers" are merely things of beauty. The majority of the 'chasers are *grand* animals—horses that a man feels he can trust to carry him over a country!

The big "tip" at Aintree, if you wish to see the race practically from start to finish, is to get quite on the top of the Grand Stand as early as possible in the day—and pray that it may not rain, for once *there*, as all racegoers know, there is no possible chance of getting down to terra firma until the big race is over.

Upon the top of that Grand Stand one meets many strange characters—lords partaking of sandwiches and commoners offering "swigs" from their flasks freely.

The Royal Stand does not command a better view than can be obtained from this point of vantage, and all sorts and conditions of men swear by it. The "first National" one sees from this eminence remains engraved on one's memory. It is strange to hear old gentlemen, who somehow have staggered to the top, relating the incidents of, say, Pathfinder's Grand National of 1875, when those of us younger men, who *were* upon earth at the time, were experiencing a difficulty in walking.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

And the arguments when two veterans meet! The wranglers may appeal to you. "What was second in Ilex's year? Don't know! Hang it, sir, every young sportsman ought to carry the first, second, and third of all the 'Nationals' in his thick skull! What *are* young men coming to in these days?" etc. Follows a dissertation on degenerate times and degenerate sport, together with more or less truthful stories of horses that had to travel sixty miles by road in the old days, and then came out and won the finals of three three-mile heats.

And these are tales one hears at the Aintree reunion—tales that lose nothing in the telling. But all contribute to the gaiety of that layer of humanity upon the top of the stand that looks over the fair country around Liverpool—a city that many a casual "big" racegoer never sees at close quarters, although the city's trams start at the end of Ormskirk Road, five minutes from the course.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

From the top of the stand the horses look very small as they are led in front of the rails for the parade before the race. Down below one may pick out familiar trainers with one's race-glasses. Most of them seem to be smiling, for who is miserable at Aintree on Grand National Day?

They are all there—the men whose names are as household words in the world of racing. They are men whose lives, upon the surface, seem all light comedy and champagne . . . but sometimes the columns of the sporting dailies, in a few lines, remind us very forcibly of that element of drama which must enter into all lives that are largely ruled by the elusive "Luck."

And now comes the race—which so many thousands have travelled from all parts of England to see—the race that, for all its brave show, may have to offer some sacrifice to the god of sport for its glory.

"Off!" It is a heavy, voluminous, tense shout that comes from the stands, the rings, and the open course beyond the double-railed greenswarded. Some hands tremble as they raise the glasses to the eyes, some are dim with age, some strong, firm, and steady.

INTO THE COUNTRY.

Down below, there is a craning of necks as "they" go into the "country." The first few fences account for some of the little bright-coloured specks in the distance and the bigger horses. . . . And now they are showing bigger as the field nears, with an old "war-horse"—favourite of the Aintree crowd—leading.

"First time round!" says someone, as the last of the struggling field passes the stand. Now we can begin to eliminate the obviously "beat" and shout the name of the horse we fancy. . . . Dead silence below as the field is lost to sight in the "country" again.

And then——.

"Here they co-om la-ad," from a son of Lancashire, brazen-lunged.

"Nearly! . . . *Nearly*! . . . Well done, old horse!" You catch yourself enthusing. Three of the first favourites are down at Beecher's. Now come along! But the leaders are all but spent.

THE USUAL FINISH.

Someone puts the situation before you in a terse sentence—

"Dom near tumbled over that fence! . . . T'other one can't catch him. Yes, t' leader'll win if he can only crawl as far as t' post. . . . That's all reet la-ad. . . . Bless me, but a' thowt 'e'd never stagger so far. . . . Oop goes number. . . . 'E's 'oam!" (It is fairly descriptive of the usual finish to the Grand National.)

And after that the rest of the field comes in, some riderless, some mud-bespattered. . . . There are those that lie by the jumps, and do not pass the paddock gates again. . . .

Truly the victor of the Grand National earns his place on the roll of equine heroes that have conquered all at Aintree!

Bernard Macklin.

NOT SO MUCH SIDE.
FOR BILLIARD PLAYERS ONLY.

Amateur billiard-players are far too fond of putting "side" on the ball, thereby greatly increasing the natural difficulties of the game of billiards. Of course, there are occasions when "side" is absolutely necessary, as, for example, in short "jennys" into the middle pocket when check side is essential to enable the ball to curl inwards into the pocket, and thus escape the pocket corner which would inevitably catch a straight-moving ball.

The point, however, is that while the professional will always for preference play without side, the average amateur is apt to put side on for every stroke, and thus to make an easy shot difficult.

Putting on side has the following disadvantages: First, it greatly increases the difficulty of hitting the cue-ball truly. It is not particularly easy to hit a ball with accuracy and force in the centre, but it is infinitely harder to hit it truly anywhere between its centre and its extreme edge, as you must do to put side on. When you hit a ball away from its centre, only part of the cue-tip comes in contact with the ball, and there is a loss of power and increased danger of miscuing.

In this connection it is well to remember, when you must play a shot with side, first carefully to chalk the rim of the cue-tip, for when much side is put on it is practically only the edge of the tip that hits the ball.

Then a ball with side on it has a very uncertain course, and throws a baffling and variable angle from the object ball or from a cushion.

A true-struck ball will rebound from a cushion at the same angle, whether travelling fast or slow, but the side-driven ball throws an angle varying with the pace at which it hits the cushion.

A point amateurs often forget is that against the nap of the cloth side has a reverse action. Played with the nap—that is, towards the top of the table—right-hand side will cause a ball to travel towards the right, but down the table it will pull it in to the left.

G. Myers.

Lies

THREE PEN-PICTURES.

It was a quarrel—simple, ordinary, matter-of-fact—inevitable in the friendship of two men of highly-strung temperaments.

What the cause for offence may have been, does not matter.

The man who was offended was beginning to see that he had been mistaken in ever having harboured a grievance, but a quarrel is a volcanic form of the expression of feeling, and it does not subside at once.

Both parties—and particularly the man who started the quarrel—were eager to justify themselves, even although by doing so they were risking the better understanding which was being established.

"I thought," said the man who had taken offence, "that you did not wish to be friends. It didn't matter a rap to me whether you wanted to or not. I only asked because I was curious to know."

He was the type of man who, in the ordinary way, "couldn't tell a lie if he was paid, and who'd starve before he stole." He did not know this was an absolute lie till he thought about it afterwards and realised what it had nearly cost him.

"I didn't care?" said the other. "I'm sorry to hear that."

But the first man saved the situation by dropping conceit and everything else that had made him bolster up his position by misrepresenting his feeling.

He became candid with himself and his friend. "When I said that," he said, "I was telling a damned lie! Shake hands."

* * * * * * *

The girl's face was white. Her clothes were untidy, although in good repair. They lacked those little subtle feminine touches—little evidences of vanity, perhaps—that show that a woman takes a pride in herself and a care for her appearance.

She had put on her clothes mechanically; she had dressed her hair mechanically; for she had been thinking of something else.

The counsel who was prosecuting for the Crown was in private life, doubtless, a gentleman, but as he faced this girl, he seemed a bully of the lowest order.

Behind him was the weight of authority, the strength of self-confidence, the gifts of education and brains.

She had nothing more to support her than her love for a man.

"It couldn't have been him that did it," she said. "He was with me that night."

The admission, under the circumstances of the trial, was a public acknowledgment of the fact that she had left the paths of virtue, but she did not care just then what people thought.

The counsel for the prosecution produced other witnesses, who proved that the man was on the night in question seen going into the house where the murder took place.

He even managed to prove that the girl herself was not at home that night.

And when she realised that her pitiful tissue of falsehood had been shrivelled up, she sat down on a chair that had been provided for her, and wept.

It was perfectly natural that she should be arrested and tried for perjury; Justice does not consider lies even when they are told for love.

It was cruel, however, to appoint as the first day of her trial the morning when the man was being executed.

Now she had no one to fight and to lie for, and she had nothing to say in her defence.

The counsel who had been officially appointed to defend her had little to say, either.

She was convicted and condemned to penal servitude, for perjury is a serious offence.

But Justice, when its demands have been satisfied, can sometimes relax.

Her sentence was cut down. People who had read reports of the case took an interest in her, a job was found for her as a domestic servant, and, on leaving prison, she commenced for the first time to lead an honest life.

She is honest now, and yet one of her greatest comforts is her memory of the fact that she lied for the man she loved.

* * * * * * *

When a man is in trouble he often uses prayer as a means of getting it off his mind.

It was so in the case of a man on whom we next turn the searchlight.

He was on his knees by his bedside, and he was confiding in his Maker certain things that had happened during the day.

He was justifying himself for what he had done. The very fact that he was doing so was, perhaps, evidence that inwardly he was conscious of being in error.

He was a very young man, with much to learn

He had just experienced one of the most uncomfortable things that can happen to a man—disagreement with his mother.

He wanted to go abroad, and she had tried to dissuade him.

"My God, Bob," she had said, "I might never see you again!"

There are several ways of combating emotion in other people, and one of them is to laugh; another is to get angry. He tried both.

He laughed at what she said, and then he argued that she was taking no heed of his future welfare; that she was putting every obstacle in his path; and that, if he turned out a failure by stopping at home, she, and she only, would be responsible.

"You've never done anything for me," he had said, "and I don't owe anything to you."

He was repeating this now on his knees, for in a prayer a man often makes other statements than supplications.

But suddenly the fact dawned upon him that he was lying, and lying to God.

The absurdity of it struck him, and then there came a realisation of what might be his mother's feeling.

It would be irreverent to watch him further, for what a man says and does when he is praying, not as a matter of form but genuinely and from his heart, is a thing that it would be sacrilege to discuss.

It is sufficient that next morning he told his mother he had been thinking matters over, and had decided to stay at home.

He had sense enough not to embarrass her by making a definite apology or by asking her pardon for the things he had said. He decided to leave that out, and to make up for the sting of them by being very kind to her afterwards.

And he was.

J. D. Traill.

COLOUR-PHOTOGRAPHY.

SOME HINTS ON A FASCINATING NEW PROCESS.

Colour-photography, or the three-colour process as it is often called, is but little understood and less practised by the great majority of photographers, which fact is to be regretted, as owing to the knowledge that can now be obtained, and the ease and cheapness with which much of the apparatus can be bought, little is left for the enthusiastic picture-maker to wish for further.

A brief *résumé* of the subject would doubtless be advisable before going into the simple details of my particular methods.

To commence with, three negatives are required.

These negatives are taken through what are termed colour-screens or filters—one orange, one green, and a third blue—fixed separately either before or behind the lens, whichever position is the most convenient for work.

The recognised position is behind the lens, but mine I use in front, as in this place changing is facilitated.

Plates that are sensitive to the red rays of the spectrum must be used, and therefore it will be seen that the greatest care must be exercised in development, and also in the preliminary loading of the dark slides.

The manipulations should be performed with as little light as possible, if not in complete darkness.

The proportionate exposure for each set of screens can easily be found after a few experiments, and these should be carefully noted for further reference.

My own screens, which, by the way, are home-made, I found to require the following exposures approximately: Red or orange one hundred times, green forty-five times, and blue six times the normal exposure.

From the negatives taken through these three-coloured screens, the print is made—first in blue, then red, and lastly yellow—the two last colours being printed on the top of the first impression.

There are several methods of colour-photography in vogue, but the one I practise is exceedingly simple.

The plate to be used in this work is a most important item, special points to be considered being uniformity of emulsion, evenness of density, and ease of manipulation.

In development regularity and evenness of density should be the aim of the worker, as on that depends much of the ease and success of subsequent working.

Each negative should be marked so that you can readily distinguish which filter it was taken through. The greatest care must be exercised with the negative taken through the orange filter, as from this the blue print which forms the basis of the picture is made.

In making the print we commence by printing in blue. This is obtained by the ferro-prussiate process, the paper for which can be obtained commercially or prepared at home by the worker. This print is made from the negative taken through the orange or red filter.

The blue print being obtained, we now begin to print in red. This print and the yellow are made with gum-bichromate, and for this work it will be necessary to purchase a small bottle of gum and an ounce of bichromate of potassium.

Dissolve the bichromate in 10oz. of water. Pour into a saucer a little of the gum and about an equal quantity of the bichromate solution. Then stir in as much powder or pigment from a tube of moist water-colour—red—as will make a wash of about as deep a tint as the darkest shadow in the print. This mixture is then spread upon the blue print with a brush and the paper hung up to dry.

This coating can be done in a well-lighted room, and can be dried in a room lighted with gas, but it becomes very sensitive to daylight when dry. Great care must be exercised. Lastly, the negative taken through the green filter is required, and here care must be taken to get it into exact register with the blue print already made.

H. Gerrard.

A SKETCH.

THE CARNATION CLUB

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

Man is a clubbable creature. He likes to mix with his kind. His idea is to have at least one retreat where he is free from the other sex and from the chance society of the public bar. In short, he wants to shine somewhere, and if he is possessed of brains, or can persuade others that he is a luminary of some sort, his light wil always burn brightly in the atmosphere of encouragement that he should find in his club if he knows just where to look for it.

There are many unique clubs in London, many eccentric societies, but I am almost prepared to wager my life that the Carnation Club for sheer eccentricity and novelty easily earned the palm, and that on those counts it was incomparable with any provincially-run institution.

It consisted of six members, and in consideration of his seniority we made one John Lee Lane, *aetat.* 25, president.

I shall never forget the inaugural general meeting of the Carnation Club—*nor* the club-house!

"Stalky" Clavering had sent the six members the cards that had been correctly typed at his office, with the space left to fill in our names:

The presence of ——, Esq., is requested at "The Nilghai," the Town Wall Gardens, on Wednesday next at 8 p.m. Business—Preliminaries connected with the formation of "The Carnation Club."

It was a serious affair. All the probable members came up with one another on the way down to "The Nilghai," all were wearing pink carnations and smoking very large cigars, as befitted clubmen, and at least two were feeling very, very ill over it. The private finances of the members were suffering from acute depression, due either to the South African war or to the fact that it was the last week of the second pantomime in Tenterbury. Consequently, with at least two-thirds of the club it only ran to twopenny smokes, the bulk of their income having gone in front seats at three shillings.

In the glorious moonlight we walked beyond the shadow of the great, grim Town Walls, and on by moss-grown paths until we came to the club-house, the facade of which was black—either tar or paint, I forget which, but probably tar. On the front the name was painted in large letters, "The Nilghai." These, originally white, had run yellow—but there was no mistaking the showy characters just added beneath, with all the native skill at the command of the genial Stalky Clavering—"The Carnation Club."

Remarking that the spring cabbages in a neighbouring garden plot were coming on nicely, the president unlocked the door of the club-house with a very rusty key, and we gravely filed into an atmosphere from which overwhelming nasal evidence of the fact that the previous tenant had kept rabbits was abundantly forthcoming.

"Stalky" Clavering, nominal tenant of "The Nilghai," which he rented at one shilling and sixpence the week, lit the hanging lamp. From an ante-room he brought in an ancient oak gate-legged table, and John Lee Lane took his seat on the strongest of the chairs.

He rose very gravely. I see now his serious face, his solemn air, the gleam of the small paste gem in his tie-pin. . . .

"Gentlemen," he said, rapping the table, which immediately rocked and creaked ominously—"Gentlemen!"

Stalky Clavering murmured "'Ear, 'ear!" and instructed him to get on with it.

"I take it," he said, "that the first business is to elect a president."

"Certainly!" "'Ear, 'ear," and so forth.

John Lee Lane flushed a little under the lamplight.

"Look here," he said, "we arranged that we were going to do this properly. If anyone else wants to propose a name as president besides my own ——"

"Stalky" reminded him that he had not been proposed as yet.

"Well—someone propose me!" said John Lee Lane in accents of deep surprise and injury.

In a flowery speech "Stalky" did this more than satisfactorily—so well, in fact, that Dicky Hickson, the marine engineer, observed to me sotto voce that the Y.M.C.A. Debating Society would give their eyes for him.

Whereupon Rex Revell rose to second the proposition in an even longer speech, until at last the excellent Charles Chant—a most commonsensical young man and a doctor's dispenser—suggested that all that cackle might be cut, considering that the whole thing had been settled during an evening ramble.

"I propose the election of the following gentlemen *en bloc*," said he, in a manner that deeply impressed us all. Then he read out the names, and before ten seconds had passed Clavering was entering upon the "minutes" (kept in a penny exercise book) the following:

"President, John Lee Lane, Esquire, draper. Vice-President, Rex Revell, Esquire, gentleman. Secretary, Ernest St. John Clavering (otherwise known as 'Stalky,' 'The Stalker,' or 'Stalks'), wine-office manager. Treasurer, Charles Chant, Esquire, pharmaceutical chemist."

The ordinary members consisted of the colourless Hickson and myself.

To this day it is a mystery to me why we should have termed ourselves the Carnation Club, although sometimes I think it must have been due to the fact that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's orchid was a popular affair at the time. We were nothing if not original—hence the carnation—the selection of which we regretted almost as soon as we had decided upon our title, I remember, as in winter one had to buy French-grown carnations to wear upon state occasions, and these cost us fourpence each, the equivalent of two "halves" of bitter, upon which we often had to last an evening.

But I digress—a thing unworthy of the Carnation Club, whose motto was always "Forward." That we lived up to it, witness the fact that ere a week had left the inaugural meeting in the past, "Stalky" Clavering had, by the skill of his own hand, efficiently papered the wooden walls, affixed a cornice, and installed a "swear-box," into which any member indulging in lurid language was politely but firmly requested to drop a penny, the proceeds going towards the fund that provided for the hire of the little piano, which we kept down at "The Nilghai."

The subscription to the club was one shilling per week, rarely paid with regularity by anyone. In exchange for this we had firing and a nightly bread-and-cheese supper, washed down by a temperate glass of beer—all provided by our excellent secretary.

We had even a gramophone, a public tobacco-box, and, sometimes, generously inclined members made presents from their privy purse for the common good, and new decorations, or "brews" resulted.

Thus, for young men of the early Edwardian era, we were more than moderately happy. Everything went with a swing, even the local paper ridiculed us, and, in time, the Carnation Club became one per cent. more famous than the Freemasons who held their Court in Tenterbury. The imaginative "Stalky" Clavering went to the length of manufacturing a Ritual, the penalty for revealing which was rather severe—a five-shilling fine, I believe.

Many of our acquaintances pressed for the privilege of membership, but as we were a timid little club, and far from sure that any such strangers would have agreed with our Bohemianism, Clavering always penned an ultra-polite refusal. Thus we were always six.

It almost pains me to write of the breaking up of the Carnation Club, which, although its composition may appear to be crude, was a very real, very good, very dear thing to us. Remember that it embodied the realisation of an ideal—that for that ideal we put up with inconveniences and incongruities that we would not have countenanced in our own homes for one instant.

Just as a gambler trembles inwardly when he starts an evening at the tables *too* well, so did the level-headed Charles Chant prophesy that evil would arise out of the very brilliancy of our success.

Alas, it did!

And it was the arrival of somebody's Number One company presenting "The Dairymaids" that did it.

Too long had we carried all before us. We had reduced ourselves and our policy to a system. We had a finger in every pie that was consumed by the youth, grace, and wit of Tenterbury.

Any provincial young man can realise the value of this if he considers our position. Our secretary was such an excellent actor (and such an extra-special "sweedler") that he had fought his way to a leading part in the local Dramatic Society's forthcoming production of "Liberty Hall." Our vice-president had brought "kudos" to the club by winning the Yeomanry's shooting prize. Our president, for all that his father owned a draper's shop, had beaten all comers in a championship hundred yards sprint, and our solemn but best-hearted-chap-in-the-world treasurer had left everyone behind in a mile swimming race.

All these things combined in one very small yet provincially-magnified lump of fame led us to attempt bigger things.

Every painfully young man knows that it is impossible to become the *crême de la crême* of "reg'lar dorgs" until one has carted out alleged actresses in public.

The visit of the superior company of "Dairymaids" afforded us our chance. Chilly midwinter was upon us then, and we were almost, as a club, nine months old.

Nothing would suit our indefatigable secretary (after he had seen the beauteous chorus by stealth at a theatre rehearsal) but that we should send two bouquets of carnations round to the stage door with a man-of-the-world request that "the girls" would honour the Carnation Club by wearing them.

He himself wrote the note stating that "the girls" could easily recognise the club, which would be sitting in the stalls *en force*, all the members wearing pink carnations, similar to those supplied in the bouquets. The cost of these bouquets and the front seats practically ruined us, but nevertheless we were there looking "extra," as our secretary put it, each of us sporting the little pink flower with its spiky foliage, the whole being emblematic of our Club.

The first Act passed. . . . It struck our president that as we were so near the stage (first row of the stalls) the glare of the footlights might have caused "the girls" to overlook us.

The brandies-and-sodas which we drank for [illegible] ostentation, and not because we liked the [illegible] occasion, at the interval cheered us up a little. We moved further back and continued to smile at the damsels.

Then the "funny" man came on, assiduously inhaling the scent from a bunch of flagrantly artificial paper carnations.

The dialogue turned to "bally fools."

"I say," said the "h"-less comedian, turning a beery eye unmistakably upon us, "talking about bally fools, *'ave you 'ever 'eard of the Carn-ay-tion Club?*"

He took one long-drawn, noisy sniff at the [illegible] nodding wired flowers.

Then the "house" began in earnest.

"It's them in the front!" yelled a hostile gallerite.

There was pandemonium and a continuous roar for the space of five three-hundred-and-sixty-five-[illegible] minutes."

When it had subsided six gentlemen had dug their coats and hats from beneath the red-plush seats, six carnations had been plucked from six buttonholes and crushed in six mortified hands—and, for all practical purposes, the Carnation Club had died, belittled, and publicly damned—was no more.

SPORTSMEN WHO HAVE ACHIEVED GREATNESS.

There is a deplorable tendency among "brainy" people of feeble physique to cry down the first-class sportsman, and to allege that he is "dunder-headed," that his brain has been atrophied to the advantage of his body.

Now, it is strange that such a fallacy should have gained ground as it has, for it is one of the easiest to refute when we take the cases of men who have achieved fame and greatness in the learned walks of life, and who in their younger days were sportsmen of first-class ability.

First, perhaps, of these one might mention Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, who was one of the finest sprinters of his day, during his Cambridge career. Another case leaps to the mind in the person of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the 'Varsity oarsman and coach, who is one of the most striking figures in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith, most of us know, were always good golfers; and, migrating to a different section of the community, the Turf possesses a successful devotee in Mr. Basil Foster, the well-known Worcestershire cricketer, who takes a prominent part at Daly's Theatre in "The Dollar Princess."

Many others could be named, in all spheres of activity, but these examples will suffice.

THE "FLAT" AGAIN.

The flat-racing season is once again in full swing, and the great army of men who go a-racing is under marching orders once more.

The tipster on the course is very much *en évidence* just now. He is having his flutter at the beginning of the season. A few lucky wins, when [illegible] uncertain, and the "mugs" will swear by him.

He, despite his lack of inches—he is generally not a dwarf, but he makes up for it in cheek—attracts a lot of attention on the course.

"Come on, yer devils!" he exhorts, pleasantly, waving up a lot of sealed envelopes. "A tanner, and yer get the name of a winner at a price that'll [illegible] mouths water!" (He smacks his lips.) "Six pennor'th for you, sir? Very sensible, I'm sure! And for you, sir? Quite right! Now, 'oo's next? Step along, please. . . ."

He is a loathsome person, the bookmaker's runner, whose one object in life is to run and inspect other bookies' slates for his customer's edification, and knock over as many [illegible] people as possible in so doing, is once [illegible] to the fore. But it is high time that a [illegible] and organised protest was made by quiet [illegible] to the police against him.

The Art of Packing

A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The art of packing is one in which very few men ever become really proficient, and yet the average bachelor must do all his own packing.

"There's that confounded bag to pack," he sighs.

He goes back to his digs and up the stairs three at a time, overjoyed at the prospect of his week-end holiday, but when he surveys that bag and the amount of things that have got to be crammed into it somehow or another his joy is slightly tempered.

THE BACHELOR'S PACKING.

"*Crammed* into it"—the phrase is strictly correct when applied to the methods of the average bachelor, and he takes more out of his clothes in the process than months of hard wear would accomplish.

He puts his shirts at the bottom when he packs a box, and his boots and even the trees at the top, and then wonders why a shirt looks like an old rag when he gets it out at his journey's end.

Yet packing is the simplest thing on earth, if you know how to set about it.

It is a good plan to have a waterpoof bag to hold toilet and shaving requisites, sponge, tooth-brush, and so on.

The heavy articles must go at the bottom of the bag, and the small things serve to fill up corners.

The secret of successful packing is to pack firm. Don't let things roll about; a well-packed box is a box tightly packed, and this applies even to glass and pictures. The breakage and damage to fragile things in transit is due to their being loosely packed.

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

Books present difficulties to the novice, but here again all that has to be done is to pack them so that the backs won't break or the edges get bent, and, provided this care is taken, no more is needed, except to fit them in so that they won't tumble about during the journey.

Whenever possible, books should be packed edgeways and not laid flat, especially if you are packing a quantity together.

If any of the books have special bindings, wrap them in soft paper or an old handkerchief first.

Pictures can be packed among clothes; the only thing to be careful over is to see that they are packed level and firm—they must not be supported at the edges only, or the glass is liable to be cracked.

In packing curios, the same process must be observed as in packing china or glass; pack as tightly as can be managed.

Paper of all kinds is the best for filling up crevices and unused spaces. Don't be afraid to ram it into the corners. Even a naturalist's collection will travel safely thousands of miles if packed so that the specimens cannot possibly shake about.

To return to clothes, the best way is to have some definite plan before commencing to pack. One man will start by strewing the room with articles for which he has no need, while another forgets the essentials until after he has locked his trunk and strapped his bag.

THE NEED FOR METHOD.

Method is essential for successful packing. After deciding on what to take, begin to fold up each article of clothing; this is an art within an art.

The proper way to fold a pair of trousers is as follows: Fold each leg in such a way that the crease will come exactly down the centre; then lay the garment flat; then fold again.

Put the odds and ends of your wardrobe in the corners. Socks and stockings will fill up spaces left between larger articles. Collars can be packed in a hat-box, if one is to form part of the luggage; if not, and there is room for it in the bag, a small cardboard box is the best place for them.

Ties are easy to pack, either loose or in a tie-box.

Waistcoats and coats should be folded so that there are no unnecessary creases, while shirts require extra care as regards the starched portions.

Flannels can easily be dealt with, as they are not likely to come to any harm.

It is just as well to put the articles which are most likely to be wanted in a hurry as near the top as possible.

BRUSH YOUR CLOTHES FIRST.

It ought to be unnecessary to remark that before packing, clothes should be well brushed, but this is a matter that is generally neglected.

Suppose a coat or a pair of trousers has got cockled by rain, the best plan is to let the garment get dry and then brush it well, afterwards laying it flat and ironing over it, with a damp cloth between the iron and the suit. The iron must be tolerably hot. This process will keep clothes in good condition, and it may be recommended to the careful man for use at other times than just before a journey.

In packing miscellaneous articles, such as a scent bottle, or a bottle of boot polish, among clothes, care must be taken that the stopper or cork is in firmly. No one can be certain that however it is placed it will be in that position at the journey's end, for porters are not particular which side a box lands on a platform, though if the box has been packed tightly by an expert, the chances are in its favour; but liquids are always kittle cattle in a man's box, and it is advisable to screw the stopper as tightly as possible. It is quite easy to touch it again, if you give a smart rap on each side of the stopper with a blunt instrument.

An excellent plan is to put all bottles into a case and not separately.

TAKING STOCK.

When you have finished your packing, just sit down for a moment and consider whether you have included all the essentials.

If you are going for a week-end cycling or walking trip on your own, a tooth-brush is the only luggage you need if you manage things properly, but it is another matter if you are spending the week-end with friends.

Do they dress for dinner? If so, you must see to it that, besides your evening dress suit, you have included a couple of shirts, a couple of single collars, and a couple of white ties. It is wise to deal in couples, for if you have no reserve, something is sure to go wrong at the most inopportune moment.

In any case you need a few handkerchiefs, a cake of soap, your hair-brushes, and certain other encumbrances. Pause before locking the bag or suit case, and recall whether you have put in all these necessaries. A little reflection now may save you a deal of vexation afterwards.

H. Carrie.

THE CLAIMS OF CODDLING.

THE SENSE OF LOOKING AFTER YOURSELF.

"Oh, he's a mollycoddle," you will often hear men say of one who differs from the majority of men—at least of young men—in taking some care of his health, even though it disagree with his personal inclinations and appetite to do so.

But there is a lot to be said for such a man. I am not, of course, attempting to justify the crank or the faddist, their theories in most cases are more injurious than the natural inclinations of the normal man.

I am speaking rather of the man who possesses sufficient self-control or restraint to avoid things that disagree with him, and sufficient will-power to force himself to do things that, though they may be uncongenial, he knows are for the good of his health.

Health is one of the greatest goods on earth, as most of us are tired of being told, and without it few other pleasures are possible.

Many men are accused of "coddling" because they indulge in a glass of milk before they go to bed at night, or perhaps in the middle of the morning. In most cases they do it because they know it is good for them—provided it is sipped or something is eaten with it. But it is no more fair to call such men "mollycoddles" than it would be to apply that extraordinary but expressive epithet to the physical culturist who is merely taking thought for his health and bodily development. Physical culture and milk are both things that are apt to be unpleasant at first, but they soon grow on one, and come to be continued for their own sakes.

Then, on the other hand, there is the man who will not eat dishes that he knows will disagree with him, however much he may like them. The human body is an extraordinary piece of mechanism and what suits one man may have unpleasant effects on the interior of another; what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

I know a man who is particularly fond of grilled herrings, but for some reason they throw the working of his internal organs out of gear, so that when they appear in the *menu* he has the good sense to take something less pleasant but more wholesome.

Other men who are not infrequently accused of coddling themselves are those who refuse to drink more than a certain amount or to smoke any more when they know they will suffer for it next day. The man who limits himself to a certain number of cigarettes or pipes a day is probably a faddist, but there comes to every man a time when he knows he has smoked enough, and when he only shows self-restraint and good sense if he refuses on any account to smoke more.

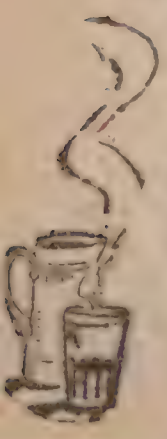
One often hears a man accused of cowardice if he will not ride a horse that is fresh and perhaps dangerous, or of being a "slacker" if he refuses to go for a longer walk than his strength is equal to, but surely there is no need for a man to do such things if he does not feel inclined, or to risk his life and limbs or his health when no useful purpose is to be served by doing so.

The muffler is more than anything else considered typical of the "coddler," but why on earth should not a man wrap himself up when it is cold? It is only rational to do so. There is a certain type of man that affects to despise anyone who wears a muffler or a great-coat. He is usually a puny little man, who boasts about never having worn one of those articles and who always seems to imply, though he does not put it into words, "and see what a fine figure of a man I am."

The truth is, that this anti-coddling crank is a very much more unpleasant person than the man who takes reasonable care of himself, and does it quietly and without talking about it.

The man who is always dosing himself with drugs, and who lives in an atmosphere of hot-water bottles and chest-protectors, is another individual entirely, for whom I have but little sympathy.

E. L. Robertson, M.B., Ch. M.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A SMALL REQUEST. On Thursday of this week we shall be celebrating Saint Patrick's Day. Am I asking too much when I request that on that day all my readers, whether Irish or not, shall wear a little bit of shamrock?

You may rush to the conclusion that I am an Irishman, but I am not. I have, however, visited Ireland, and have enjoyed the hospitality of its people, and I like them very much indeed.

The Irishman has his faults, hot-headedness being, perhaps, the worst of them, but he has his infinite virtues—first and foremost and above all things else, he is a sportsman.

I am not one to do anything in the way of stirring up old national sores; I think, as a matter of fact, that in most respects it is well for us to forget that we are English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh, and to consider ourselves simply as Britons; but there are some old national traditions that are worthy of being kept in memory for all time, and the reason for "the wearin' o' the green" is one of them.

A READER'S LETTER. "It is all very well for you to be keen on sport," says a reader, "but you ought to remember that it is not so easy perhaps for some others.

"You have been lucky enough to bring out a paper on the right lines, and I daresay you are making a lot of money.

"Everything about you will be easy and comfortable, and when you feel inclined to go in for sport there will be nothing to prevent you.

"Don't suppose I want to find fault, because I don't; I like to read about other people's pleasures in the sporting line, even if I am not able to enjoy them myself, but you should remember not to condemn a man for not taking up sport. He may never have had the chance."

IN ANSWER. Once more I suppose I have to act the part of defendant and be my own counsel.

In the first place I would say that I have never condemned any man for not taking up sport. There are a hundred and one circumstances that may prevent him from doing so; he may not have been born with the necessary physique, his parents may have been over-timid of his getting hurt when he was a youngster, and he may be shy about starting in later life sports which are already familiar to most men.

There are other reasons why a man may not be a sportsman so far as games and athletics go, but there is no reason in the wide world why he should not be a sportsman in feeling.

I admire the man who is good at football, who can swim fast and box well, but it is not his accomplishments that I admire so much as the fact that with these accomplishments there generally goes a certain cast of mind; usually you find a man of this type honest, clean, open-minded and open-handed; it is for these qualities, and not for his athletic prowess, that he has the right to bear the proud title of sportsman.

And you find the same qualities in cripples, invalids, and in other men who have never taken up athletics.

A man with a sporting instinct is always a pleasant chap and a good companion. He plays fair in everything, and he has many other excellent qualities which it would take more than the space at my disposal to catalogue, and there is no need for me to attempt to do so, for you know as well as I do what a sportsman is.

SIMPLE PLEASURES. As for my own pleasures being luxurious, I can assure you that they are not.

Some of the simplest pleasures appeal to me far more strongly than those involving expenditure.

On more than one occasion quite recently I have spent Saturday and Sunday tramping, although I happen to have a horse to carry me when I want to use him. I have admitted that riding is my favourite pastime, but I do not neglect the claims of those recreations that cost less.

A man can be a sportsman at heart, as I have said, without indulging in sport, but he can also indulge in sport without incurring expense. I do not know how you look at it, but a good long walk, especially on a wet day, is to me as pleasing as jumping a horse over hedges.

A WORD OF THANKS. I am very much obliged to those readers who, in reply to a recent note on this page, have favoured me with criticisms and suggestions.

A man naturally does not like criticism, and I will frankly admit that I receive more immediate pleasure from a letter that tells me that the paper is perfect than from one which says that certain points might be altered with advantage; but it is by means of friendly criticism that one improves.

The paper is growing every week in popularity and circulation, but, strange as it may seem for me to say so, I am aiming at something more than merely making this a successful venture financially; it is that already; but I want it to be, absolutely and in every detail, the ideal of what a man's paper should be.

The paper has improved vastly, and this is largely due to the kind criticism and advice that has been given to me by my readers. I am very much obliged to you, and I thought I might just as well say so.

PRACTICAL HELP. Several readers have asked how they could assist me to make the paper better known. This paragraph, by the way, deals wholly with the fortunes of the paper, and if you are not interested in these particularly you had better skip it.

When a man talks about the paper and shows it to his friends, he generally succeeds in getting two or three new readers, but when he persuades his newsagent to exhibit the poster, we pick up new circulation at the rate of thirteen copies—or half-a-quire, as we call it in the Trade—at a time.

I have always taken a great deal of pride in the posters. I remember selecting the paper they were to be printed upon. I had considerable trouble with the dye with which it is coloured. It is the brightest yellow that can be produced, and combined with the black type imprinted upon it, it forms a very striking placard.

One has to consider everything in a matter of this sort, but, apart from the attractive appearance of the posters, I believe that the words themselves are more striking than those to be found on the posters of any other weekly paper.

I am taking you into my confidence in these purely Trade matters, because you are interested in the welfare of the paper, and because I want to show you how advantageous it is to us to have the posters displayed all over the country.

Newsagents have been my very good friends, and I am much indebted to them. I am sorry to say, however, that there are many who are very conservative in the matter of showing posters, and who still continue to exhibit those of the old-fashioned weeklies whose sales are dwindling away.

If your newsagent does not show our poster outside his shop, you would be doing the paper and me a service if you had a word with him about it. Tell him that you take a special interest in the paper, and induce him to exhibit one of our posters as an experiment. He gets one with ten copies if he buys eight or more from his wholesalers; but if he does not get one, tell him that we shall be happy to send him one post free every week if he will agree to show it.

If he sends me a post-card it will be quite sufficient. Perhaps you might even relieve him of that trouble, and send me the post-card direct when you obtain his consent.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LETTER-WRITING.

THE ART OF CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MEN FRIENDS.

Most men hate writing letters—private letters I mean—yet it is pleasant to send a letter to a pal, better still to receive one from him.

The first essential of a good letter is that it should be easy and sympathetic in tone. Very reserved men often make excellent correspondents, for as a change from their habitual reticence of speech, they enjoy "letting themselves go" on paper.

Frank, talkative men, on the other hand, sometimes write poor letters, because, confronted with pen, ink, and paper, they begin to think of what they are saying and grow self-conscious and stilted.

A letter should, above all things, be spontaneous, though that does not mean that it should be slovenly in style or diction. But be yourself in a letter to a pal.

The next point about a good letter is that it should be interesting to the recipient. A letter is necessarily to a great extent an egotistical production. It is meant chiefly to give news of yourself, but it is quite possible to fill a letter mainly with your own doings, and yet make it extremely interesting to your pal at the other end. But see to it that your doings concern not only yourself, but your friend.

A peculiarly irritating type of correspondent is the man who tells you about people in whom you have no earthly interest. He has made a lot of new friends or acquaintances, but you don't know them, and when he forces them upon you in his letters you begin to feel that you don't want to know them. You soon get sick of hearing what Jones, whom you don't know from Adam, is doing, or saying, or going to do, and the fact that your pal went to dinner at the Browns's—another strange tribe—last week, does not interest you a little bit.

On the other hand, let your pal tell you that he ran across Robinson, who was in your form at school and a chum, and at once you are interested. You are interested in the news itself, and you are frightfully interested to hear what your schoolboy friend has grown into.

Pure[illegible] personal achievements do not necessarily make [illegible] reading. Your pal, if he is a pal, likes to hear of your prowess in sport or business, even if he does not share these interests with you, but at the same time don't bore your pal with long technical descriptions of things he does not understand.

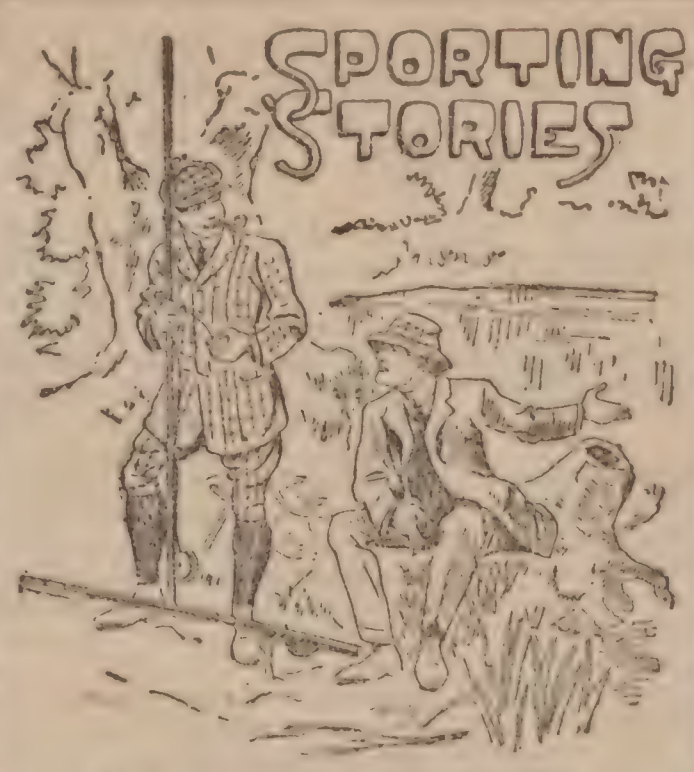
Some men in their anxiety to avoid talking about themselves run to the other extreme, and their letters contain nothing but a string of questions about *you*.

This is flattering, but such a letter makes poor reading. Of course, you should show an interest in your pal's doings when writing to him, and nothing gives a man who has won some little success greater pleasure than to find that his pals have been following his career. A letter such as this: "Dear Old Man,—I was delighted to see your clinking good score against Dumpshire, etc.," gives infinite pleasure to the recipient.

Some men are very indiscreet in their correspondence, and say things which might get them into serious trouble, if revealed. Sometimes it may be necessary to write confidentially to your pal, but as a rule a letter should contain nothing that the whole world may not read. If ever you receive an indiscreet letter let me implore you at once to destroy it. What a world of trouble would be saved if this rule were always followed.

Some men will tell you that they never write letters, and quote the saying that "letters answer themselves." That may be true as regards some letters, especially nasty or foolish letters, but between pals who are separated, letter-writing forms a strong and desirable link, while to the man who is sick or stuck away on some lonely post, letters are a godsend.

H. H. FRANCIS.



THE BEGINNING OF SUCCESS.

The young man came home from the office sooner than usual. He sat down with his customary languid manner in the armchair, pulled up his trousers so as to exhibit his fancy socks, extracted the edge of each cuff from his coat sleeve, and adjusted his wristlet watch.

"Young man," said his father, "you take life too easily. You seem to be relying on some stroke of good fortune."

"I am," replied the young man, gloomily.

"But you must fight for it," said his father. "Why did Sir Thomas Lipton and Cadbury and Little Tich and Mother Seigel and Lord Northcliffe succeed? It was push, my boy, push."

"Then," sighed the young man, "perhaps I'm on the right track at last. I got it this morning."

CONSIDERATE.

The elderly gentleman of economical tastes alighted from the hansom and paid his exact legal fare.

"You're sure you won't miss this?" asked the cabman. "It's not depriving you of any of the necessaries of life, is it?"

"No," said the economical gentleman.

"Then," said the cabby, "go up the steps quietly, and I'll walk the old 'oss for the first 'undred yards, for fear we wake your old woman up. She might stop the rest of your pocket money if she knew of this extravagance."

AN ADMISSION.

The woman denied the accusation strenuously.

She was not, she said, the person who had done the deed; it must be another case of mistaken identity.

The magistrate thought otherwise, and, knowing a thing or two, he extracted the truth.

"You deny having committed this crime," he said, "although the description of the culprit fits you exactly—beautiful face and handsome figure, extremely youthful in appearance, most attractive——"

"Yes," sobbed the prisoner, "I confess it all. Yes, it was I."

EXPLAINED.

"Have you any whiskers?" asked the pretty young lady customer.

The shop assistant who had just come up from the country blushed and grew cold again and rubbed his hand over his clean-shaven chin.

"No, madam," he said firmly, "I haven't.

"But will you be having some soon?" she persisted.

"Some day I might," stammered the young man, wondering whether she was a Suffragette trying to begin a row, or whether she had gone off her head in some other manner.

The young lady began to interpret his blushes.

"Of course," she said, "I mean egg-whiskers. You used to have them in the window at 8½d."

CUTTING DOGS' TAILS.

The docking of dogs, like the docking of horses, is a thing frequently condemned by humanitarians.

The operation is, in a sense, a cruel one, for it is questionable whether, even in the case of horses, it serves a useful purpose, while in the case of dogs it is performed wholly for the sake of appearance; but that it does improve the appearance of certain dogs is undoubted.

A fox terrier with a long tail seems to lack that smartness which is possessed by an animal of the same breed that has had its tail properly docked.

The great thing to attend to when you have a puppy's tail cut is to see that sufficient is taken off.

Occasionally you see dogs with tail stumps about six inches long, and the effect is by no means smart. If the tail is to be cut at all, it should be cut to about three inches from the base.

YOUR DOGS WILL COST YOU LESS
when fed regularly on
MOLASSINE DOG CAKES

A well-known gentleman writes: "For seven or eight months past I have used your Dog Cakes for my sporting dogs, and have found the dogs healthier and in better order than with any other cakes I have used, and, as compared with other makes of Dog Cakes, I find two-thirds the quantity give better results, so that they cost me less in use."

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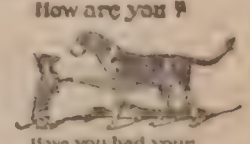
ARE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS, being HEALTH-GIVING, HEALTH-RESTORING, WORM-ERADICATING, preventing unpleasant odours, besides having A MARVELLOUS EFFECT ON THE COATS.

MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL makes hens lay.



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Even the keenest razor often irritates the skin. Apply OATINE after shaving—it stops the burning and soothes the skin.

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On a Lonely Beat.

A NIGHT'S TRAMP WITH A COUNTRY POLICEMAN.

It is as well to make your plans a day or two in advance, as I did, or, when the time comes to turn out at dusk to spend the next six or seven hours out of doors, tramping round a scattered village and its outlying hamlets with the village policeman, the pleasures of the fireside and of a cheery evening with merry companions are apt to be too strong for one's resolution.

If a craze for new experiences, a desire to break new ground is not a part of your "make-up," at such times you will probably be seduced by the comforts of an indoor "evening," and go respectably to bed before midnight.

A determination to "see the thing through," however, always saves the situation; and so it happened that I found myself recently sitting on a stile that gave access to a dark owl-haunted plantation, waiting for the passing of Robert at the beginning of his rounds for the night.

MEDDLING OVERSEERS.

He had preferred that I should not go boldly up to his neat little cottage and start thence with him. It is not to his advantage to be seen walking with a stranger for long at a time, and nowadays, when the bicycle has been pressed into the service of town and country police, he never knows when the district inspector, or a sergeant anxious for promotion, may drop into the village as if from the clouds, and make unnecessary and unfavourable reports to headquarters.

So I left him to sleep at home all the afternoon in that neat cottage with the legend "County Police" over the door in white letters on blue enamel background, and went off at dusk to the stile where we had agreed to meet casually at nightfall.

Spring had not made much progress, and I felt chilly as I waited, sending clouds of fragrant smoke out on the gentle evening "air," into the dark depths of the fir trees, through whose spiky foliage a far-away voice sang in a minor and despairing key, perfectly in harmony with the wondrous stillness of the first hour of night.

MY FRIEND ARRIVES.

In the distance, the sound cloaked by the thick hedges of the lane, I heard the steady tramp of my friend. It lacked the extreme regularity and precision of that of his town cousin, but it had other and more lovable qualities. It had a heavy and ponderous strength in it that seemed to crush the very stones deeper into the lane, and was altogether a measured, solid tread such as only those acquire who spend long hours far away from asphalte, wood blocks, and paving stones.

Against the last glimmer of the sunset I caught sight of the outline of the be-silvered helmet of the county constabulary, and my friend came looming into view.

"I knowed as you was waitin' on me," was his first greeting, and when I asked him how he knew it, he explained that "'bacca do carry a long way on a quiet night. It be terrible strong evidence."

The boundaries even of a normal rural parish are fairly wide even when you run round on a bicycle, or are rambling by daylight, but through a moonless night with the roads and fields still soft, and occasionally soddened with three or four months' rain, the going is heavy, and the expenditure of muscular exertion no slight matter.

A FEAT OF ENDURANCE.

As we tramped steadily forward I knew who would be the first to complain. My friend, accustomed to these tramps, turned never a hair, but walked on contentedly, chatting of the chief cases in which he had been concerned at petty sessions; of his capture of a would-be burglar up at the great house, and his visit to assizes; how he was commended by the judge, and was something of a hero in the village; of his early training in the town, and his intention soon to retire on the pension, he thought, and I agreed, was well earned after twenty-six years' guardianship of the lives and property of the villagers.

Not a single isolated farm was left out of his itinerary. We plunged along deep-rutted lanes, through innumerable gates, across fields, and round about many farmsteads with scarcely a halt. He knew his way blindfolded, while I floundered and splashed into storm-water pools.

WHILE OTHERS SLEPT.

Only when in the neighbourhood of cottages or farms did he light his brilliant bull's-eye lantern. For the rest, his ears were ever on the alert, and often he would stop a second or two as if to assure himself that nothing unusual was disturbing the peace of the night.

Only a few dogs barked as our footsteps were heard in the neighbourhood of farms. The night, like hundreds of other nights, was to prove uneventful for him but for the capture of a straying horse. His practised ear detected the sound of tearing grass as the animal fed contentedly at the roadside, well out of the line of traffic.

He knew it at once as the property of a man who had never given trouble before by such carelessness, and so the horse was led back to the field, and this time the gate securely fastened.

He would meet the farmer in a day or two and drop him a hint, and doubtless the offence would not occur again, while Robert's popularity as a sensible policeman not obsessed with a hunger for convictions would be enhanced.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

One characteristic incident made the night memorable to me—Robert seemed entirely indifferent to the mystery of the night. All his thoughts were concentrated on his duty, while I, unused to such perambulations in the small hours, was silent with interest in the sounds around. A dog fox barked out his defiance of rivals and his call to the vixen; the hoot of the wood-owl broke in upon our desultory talk; the twigs cracked in the woods as rabbits, hares, hedgehogs, foxes, and other creatures went about the businesses of their lives.

To my remarks on these various sounds he only vouchsafed the reply that "they do make a terrible noise."

Sweating, with aching limbs, and hardly able to drag myself along, I parted from Robert at the entrance of the village. I had enjoyed the night, and I had gained a better idea of the extraordinary strength and endurance of a countryman. To have kept up such work for twenty years and more, seemed to me a feat worthy of any pension.

And yet, as countrymen go, when Robert retires he will still be counted a youngish man, able to start any life afresh. He will then, I suppose, go in for gardening and poultry, and make money out of both.

C. Easton-Grey.

THE "KING'S BAD BARGAINS."

TOMMIES WHO COST MORE THAN THEY ARE WORTH.

The "King's Bad Bargain," as the undesirable soldier is called, is not always a bad or criminal man.

As often as not, he is just a "rotter," a slacker, a skrimshanker, a useless fellow, who never gives the authorities a fair handle for "firing" him, but manages to linger on in the Service, costing the Government in pay, food, clothes, and so on a great deal more than he is worth.

The late David Christie Murray, the novelist and critic, served in the Army as a trooper in a cavalry regiment, and he was fond of describing himself as having been a "Queen's Bad Bargain," as the term went in those days.

He was a high-spirited youth, intolerant of restraint, and the best part of the year he was in the Service was spent in "cells," till the authorities were glad enough to allow him to purchase his discharge.

Much money and time were spent in training, feeding, and clothing him; and the Government got practically nothing out of him in return. Altogether the eminent "Merlin" was a costly bargain to the State.

Then there is the real "bad hat," the insubordinate man who is more brute than man, and is always undergoing imprisonment.

True, his pay is stopped for every day he is in prison, and he is generally put to productive work in gaol; but as a soldier he is lost to the State, and is, in short, a bad bargain, because short of very grave crime, a considerable time must elapse before he can be discharged as "incorrigible and worthless."

The unsuccessful deserter is a source of annoyance and expense to the State. The successful deserter may get away and make away with Government property, but, at all events, the State is shut of him, and the loss can be cut.

But the real "King's Bad Bargain," par excellence, is the incompetent man, for it is very difficult to get rid of him, more especially when he is in the ranks. A colonel can "shunt" an incapable officer by means of an unfavourable report at the annual inspection, or by refusing to recommend him for promotion when he is next on the list.

But with the incompetent private it is different; you can make life unpleasant for him, but if he has means to hang on, you are practically powerless, and one real "rotter" will upset a whole company.

A more active kind of "King's Bad Bargain" is the "barrack-room lawyer." He is always being "put upon," and is everlastingly preaching about his "rights." He is a menace to discipline, and difficult to deal with, but luckily his own comrades often get sick of him, and in defiance of the regulations subject him to a barrack-room court-martial, after which he usually reforms.

"Bad Bargains" are not unknown among the "non-coms." A man may do very well as a corporal, but be quite useless as a sergeant. A non-com., however, can only be reduced to a lower grade or to the ranks by sentence of court-martial or by the direct order of the Commander-in-Chief, and it is not easy to frame a charge against a non-com. who does his best, though he may be quite unfit for his position.

I knew one regiment the sergeant-major of which was a "King's Bad Bargain," but it was impossible to get rid of him for a long time, during which he played "Old Harry" with discipline and efficiency.

There are fewer "King's Bad Bargains" than there used to be, for the greatly improved conditions of barrack life are attracting a better class of men. The man who enlists nowadays does so with his eyes open, and with the intention of making an honourable and serious profession of his soldiering.

Still, they do exist; I saw one the other day. A beastly boy—he was little more—howling drunk in the King's uniform. This in a quiet suburb, and on a Sunday evening when all the people were going to church.

Chinstrap.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

HANG ON TO YOUR JOB.

"What a good time Robinson has; I wish I had gone in for his business instead of this wretched show I'm in." This remark, or, at least, the sentiment it expresses, is heard at times not only from the inveterate grumbler but also from the very best of cheery fellows when they sigh for the ideal life.

Brown, seeing the grocer's shop of Jones always full of customers, and watching Jones's cashier taking in the money through the little window in her box, and watching Jones bustling about with a clean apron and a smile of contentment that alone seems worth an extra hundred a year, wonders why he himself ever went into the drapery business, where he works for endless hours for "wretched pay," and sees no chance of retiring.

Jenkins, the young lawyer, in like manner pines for the spacious ease his friend Scribbler, the author, seems to enjoy, while he himself wades through dusty books, looking up the dull law on this or that question about which troublesome clients are worrying and quarrelling among themselves.

In the same way Jones, from behind that smile of his, and beneath that spic-and-span apron, thinks sometimes of the far pleasanter life that Brown, in the draper's shop over the way, always seems to enjoy. Brown gets a half-holiday every Wednesday, but Jones tells himself that if he took those half-holidays he would soon have to close his shop.

Scribbler, too, wishes he were always as busy as Jenkins, who can seldom be dragged out in the afternoon to have a chat and a cup of tea, because some tiresome client is calling shortly.

And so it goes on merrily throughout the whole round of work. The farmer, watching the country doctor drive by in his smart trap, looks longingly after him as the sound of his fast trotter's footsteps echo on the road, while he himself is tired out with hauling turnips and cleaning out the cow-shed.

He thinks the doctor has such a merry time, paying endless visits to all the great houses in the countryside at five shillings or more for every visit, and leading a jolly life on wheels well oiled. But the doctor who happens to have been dragged out of bed at two in the morning to attend a man who has broken his head or who has had it broken for him in a drunken row, and is still unconscious, feels tired out and angry, more especially as there is a ten to one chance against getting any fee; and as he drives along to the next patient, and looks over the hedge at Giles in the turnip field, he sighs for the placid contentment of the farmer's life and its freedom from cares. He did not know that the farmer had that morning lost a valuable mare, and that his account with the artificial manure dealer was a deal larger than he could just then meet.

In just the same way, the clerk in the bank looks enviously at the reporter of the local paper. The reporter seems to know everybody, and to go everywhere free of charge, and is ever working on something fresh and interesting. So thinks the bank clerk as he glances out of the window and sees his friend chatting with a local bigwig.

But the reporter, catching sight of the clerk, and exchanging a nod of recognition, wishes to goodness he had never heard of meetings and concerts and accidents and fires and cattle-shows. Why didn't he, like his friend over there, get into a solid county bank where the work was regular, and where salaries rose by annual instalments of £10? He would never have known the worries of writing reams of "copy" when tired out at night, but would have joined the tennis club like the bank clerk, or spent his evenings on the river, sculling or fishing. He might even have had time to hire one of the hunters at the livery-stable and enjoy a canter now and again on the hills.

That these are no far-fetched, impossible, or unreal pictures every man will agree. Such remarks are the daily current coin of gossip among most men. But what does it all mean?

Simply this, that every man jack of us is apt to see only what is hard and dreary and uncongenial in his own work, and to pick out all that is easy and pleasing and attractive in the lives of the rest.

That the change we so much desire, when sick of our job, would bring us the pleasure we expected, is far too optimistic a proposition. It would do nothing of the sort. No sooner had we left behind all the cares of the shopkeeper than we should find that those of the clerk or the lawyer or the farmer were just as exacting and trying as any we had known before.

There is no need to preach a sermon on the matter, but the truth is that no job is free from its worries, and every job has about an average share of them. So my advice is: Stick to your job.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE STOCK MARKETS.

American Rails are, and have been for some time, without life.

Apart from the rubber share market, which has recently assumed such importance, other sections are comparatively flat, and it looks as if they will remain so until the rubber fever has cooled off.

By the way, my tip of Vallambrosa—which, at the time of writing (of course, in advance of publication), stood at about 35s. 6d.—proved a good one. Six or seven days later they reached 41s.

As for the prospects of the rubber share market generally, I consider they are good for some time yet.

It is the way of these booms to wear out, but this is still in its infancy.

All the same, I repeat my advice to readers to invest only in producing companies.

A RUBBER SHARE. R. C. (Sidcup).—It is not in the producing stage, and cannot be for about seven years, seeing that it has only recently been planted. By the end of seven years rubber may be going a-begging.

J. J. H. (Wolverhampton).—If the interest is high the risk is high. That is an invariable law in commerce.

G. D. (London, N.).—House property is not the investment it once was.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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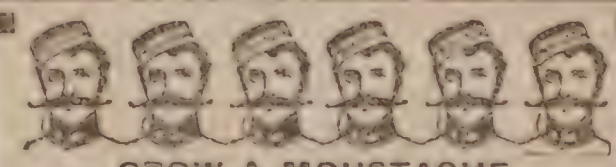

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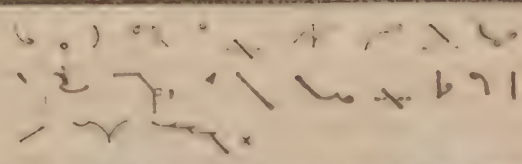

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES. EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

By J. F. JAMESON.

II.—A RULE OF THE ROAD.

I.

It was a gay stave that Tom Burgess was whistling as merrily he drove his chariot-like cart along the country road from Leicester—Leicester, whose tall shafts were ever becoming less clearly defined in the distance.

The sun and early spring's subtle, omnipresent tonic had thrown a blithesome mantle over the far from inconsiderable shoulders of Mr. Tom Burgess. He had set his cap on the back of his head, grasped the well-cleaned "ribbons" scientifically, and the pleasure of generous, throbbing life was his very own.

Somehow the lilt of the melody seemed to swing rhythmically with the rather forceful jolting of the big, brightly-burnished milk-cans, and Tom broke into a lusty rendering of the refrain as the hedges and broad fields of the fair county of Leicestershire flew past him :

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away——

He broke off as he heard the clock-a-clock of a smart trot behind him. Then up went his hand in the prescribed salute of the road.

"Morning, Burgess!" said the horseman cheerily.

"Mornin', Major—and a lovely one at that!" Burgess cried above the rumble of his wheels, and a warm smile suffused his countenance.

Major Blakeney, who was riding a bay horse that was never out of the forefront of the field when the Quorn Hunt got fairly on the move, slackened his pace.

The Major was a popular character with the countryside generally. He had held a commission in the Army, and certain men of his old regiment were apt to speak very disrespectfully at times of the muddling Authorities who had failed to recommend him for the honour of the V.C., which he had certainly deserved.

But the Major, whose heart was in the grim game, had sheathed his sword with deep regret, and, blissfully uncaring of the expenditure that devolved upon an inoffensive country, prayed hard nightly, 'twas said, for fresh fields to conquer.

In the meantime a regiment of Yeomanry was flourishing under his rule as Adjutant.

"How's the gallant steed, Burgess?" he queried, smiling.

"Fit and well, sir," Burgess responded. "Not up to hunting form, perhaps, but fit and well."

"That's good. Well, how did you get on? Is he any use as a saddle horse?"

"It was kind of you to lend me the saddle and bridle, sir," said Burgess, a little sorrowfully; "but I shall be bringing them back this afternoon."

"No good?"

"The poor old chap's too old, I'm afraid, sir," said Burgess. "Good-hearted, you know, but too old. Governor didn't object. The horse is by no means overworked, you see; but he wasn't up to it, sir. Thanks all the same. Good morning, sir, and thank you."

Tom Burgess touched his cap, and Major Blakeney, giving his horse a freer rein, drew on a little to the front.

He turned his head to throw a cheery farewell across the little space that divided them, then pulled his mount round quickly, and held up his gloved hand.

"Whoa, old boy!" said Burgess, and drew up immediately.

The Major swiftly dismounted, and tethered his horse to a convenient tree.

"Stone in your hobby's foot, I think, Burgess," he said. "Seems a bit gamey in the off fore. I *may* be wrong."

Tom Burgess hooked the reins and inspected his willing slave's hoof.

"You're right, sir," he said. "But——"

He gazed with no little surprise at the Adjutant of Yeomanry.

"But aren't you going on, sir?" he asked. "I daresay I can manage to get the stone out."

The Major smiled and dived his hand into his breeches pocket.

"I happen," he said, "to have the very thing for this job, and I'm open to bet you haven't, Burgess!"

"You'd win, sir," the other replied. "Jack-knife's my limit."

"H'm. Well, I picked this up for half a crown—or its equivalent—from an old Boer prisoner."

He was unfolding a peculiar, evidently home-made, contrivance as he spoke.

"Now, hold up his hoof. It's the very simplest of matters, as Mr. Sherlock Holmes would say—whoa, old horse—and there you are, Burgess!"

He flung the stone into the hedge.

"Shall I give you a leg up, sir?" Burgess said, leading the Major's horse to him.

"Give a soldier—and a Yeoman—a leg up? My *dear* boy! On the word 'Three,' as the Sergeant-Major says—and here we are again!"

He swung lightly into the saddle.

Burgess started to thank him effusively.

"Oh, that's all right," said the Major. "No need to thank me at all, Burgess. I'd have done it for the merest stranger, a simple thing like that."

"But as a rule, sir——"

"As a rule," said the Major, "any horseman worthy of the name will help another. Also, Burgess, I consider it more than a courtesy."

"I see, sir," said Burgess.

"In fact," said the Major, as he took his crop from Burgess, "with me it's a rule of the road—and the most important of 'em all."

II.

That afternoon, after Burgess had stabled his horse temporarily and given him such fodder as the Mannerbridge Dairy Farm afforded, he sought out a favoured gate that opened into a broad pasture. Taking a seat upon the upper bar, he proceeded to partake of his midday meal.

Unwrapping a sheet of a leading newspaper, he extracted therefrom a healthy-looking hunch of bread, some sandwiches far more substantial than delicate in appearance, and lastly a piece of red Leicester cheese.

Above him the sun shone in a cloudless sky. Larks piping high up in the blue supplied him with a joyous orchestra, and in place of the stock soup smell that pervades London restaurants he had the early scents of spring wafted to him upon the cool air.

For his eye there was the carpet of green, and a glorious panorama of "a land overflowing with milk and honey." Upon his horizon were stately trees, sheltering the houses of those who lived in the heart of the country.

It was all very beautiful, very fine.

Burgess with his jack-knife divided the sandwich, and as he embarked upon the second half it occurred to him how his so-called friends in London would pity him if they knew.

He could imagine the pale Timmins, for instance—Timmins, the law clerk, who dined daily in a chop-house in one of the courts off Fleet Street.

Timmins—he would be at lunch now. Supposing he could see his late pal in his mind's eye! . . . Surely he would soon try to blot the vision out of his brain.

"Poor Burgess!" he would say. "Poor devil! Cuttin' up his grub with a jack-knife on a gate!"

Burgess could imagine him saying it, and Burgess permitted himself to feel *very* sorry for poor little Timmins—poor devil!

A man leading a big black horse along the road interrupted his reverie.

"Got a match, guv'nor?" he asked, stopping and taking a firmer hold of the halter.

Burgess finished the last of the cheese, cast the paper aside, returned his jack-knife to his pocket, and produced a match, as requested by the stubble-bearded stable hanger-on.

This wayfarer was some time lighting his blackened clay, and seemed to be no nearer success when the match was almost burning the evidently asbestos tip of his finger.

"'Nother match?" asked Burgess, genially.

The man took the pipe from his mouth and gazed at it for some time; then he knocked what is colloquially known as a "doddle" on to his hand. Even as a "doddle" it was a small affair, and contained but few fragments of charred tobacco.

"It must be 'baccy I want, guv'nor," he said sorrowfully.

Burgess produced a tin of shag.

"Better take a screw as well, mate," he suggested. "Here y'are. A bit of the 'Daily Mail' makes a capital wrapper for a screw of tobacco. The 'Telegraph' paper is too stiff, and the 'Daily News' more in the cocoa and general grocery line, you know."

"Ha-ha!" said the horsey gentleman weakly. "Ha-ha!"

Any further observations he might have made were interrupted by the big black that turned the whites of his eyes upon his leader and became particularly fractious.

Burgess went to the rescue, and with some persuasion, forceful and otherwise, calmed the horse somewhat.

"This here hoss is the very devil!" said he of the blackened clay, coughing.

"Where are you takin' him to?" asked Burgess.

"Up to Major Blakeney's place," said this stableman, "and I ain't great shakes on the job, either."

"I see," said Burgess. "I suppose you didn't care to ride him?"

"Life, sir," said the horsey gentleman, "will continue to be sweet so long as they don't put beer up *too* 'igh. Whoa, there, Mephisty!"

"Call him 'Mephisty'?"

"Yes. You 'ave to add 'tophilees' to make it k'rect. 'Mephisty-tophilees,' see?"

"Yes. 'Mephistopheles;' eh?"

"Ah, you've got it. It's a crack-jaw word, and"—he leaned forward confidentially—"this blighter's a crack-neck hoss!"

"Appropriate," said Burgess.

"You've said it right agen. They wouldn't 'ave old Rankin (that's *me*) to ride 'im. Not so ruddy likely, laddie!"

"Well, what does the Major want him for?"

"*Sadaile* is wot you might call the h-ostensible reason. *I* should say *sooicide*. You see, it's like this 'ere, Billie (that ain't your name, I suppose?) Major's got a groom who, like you an' me, is after

shekels. 'E collec's coins, coins wi' King 'ard's 'ead on 'em. In the hupper circles they ght call that groom a cute cove. *My* name for genelman is a bloomin' wrong 'un! 'E ain't a o' yours, is 'e? If so, I'm sorry I've spoke m' nd."

"Don't know him," said Burgess. "But go on, rner. Try another pipe o' baccy."

Tanks. I will. (Whoa, yer blimy blighter! eady there!)"

"Better walk him along," said Burgess. "I'm ming your way. Give me the halter. That'll e your arm a rest."

The horse-dealer's minion acquiesced gratefully.

"As I was sayin'," he continued, "this here oom, you see, is on a commish—a fair per-ntage—the usual ten per cent. 'Is guv'nor nts a hoss. My (occasional) guv'nor 'as one. ght. This is 'im. It's a bleatin' swine of a e won't ain't fit for nothin' except chewin' up keys, likes 'is lunch off stable-boys' arms, an' a general 'ell-'orse. But 'e's good-lookin'—te up to the Major's weight. Do you begin to vy, Billie?"

"Perfectly, partner," said Burgess.

The man went on.

Groom tells the Major that he knows of some-ng to suit him as a spare mount (in this case black hoss). Lets the Major have an inspection the points question. All satisfactory. Deal de. Groom gets his commish. Then, after Major has discovered his little ways, back ll go the hoss to my (occasional) guv'nor at greatly rejuced price. Further commish for r. Micklcham, the groom—and there you are!"

"*Very* nice!" said Burgess. "I say—has the al been settled yet? Money paid down?"

"I carry the account with me. Look. Cheque ll follow by bearer. *Crossed*, you can bet yer ," added Mr. Rankin, disgustedly. "Put not ur trust in 'orse-dealers."

"I leave you here," said Burgess at the cross-ys. "Good afternoon."

He took the road to the dairy, whistling. ferring to his gun-metal watch, he discovered ere was no time to call on Major Blakeney, but could repay the Major's kindness of the orning with a little useful information after he d done his round.

"Goin' to try Patrick again as a saddle-horse?" e foreman observed sarcastically, as he crossed yard.

Burgess continued to whistle.

The foreman dropped him with a snarl.

"You're too good for us," he remarked. "You ght to ha' been groom to Major Blakeney."

Whereupon Tom Burgess whistled the louder. was a cheering suggestion.

* * * * * * *

It was getting a little dusk as Burgess, his pipe the way, drove back for the second time that from Leicester town.

At the cross-roads he turned off sharply, instead keeping straight on as he usually did to the nnerbridge Dairy Farm.

To the west the sun had gone down in a ra-cotta pink and purple sky, with high lights sapphire. The cool breeze wafted the scent of damp earth to him, and a haze was limiting horizon gradually as he drove on towards jor Blakeney's big country house, Manner-dge Old Hall.

Suddenly out of the haze there emerged a man horseback, and his mount was evidently giving trouble.

"Step-dancin', by the look of it," said Burgess, ing his pipe out of his mouth and looking hard the distance.

"By gosh!" he said, at length; "the Major on t damned black 'un!"

A second later he had called to his horse to p—Patrick was well used to the manœuvre fessionally—and he was scudding down the like a hare, for he had caught the ugly m of the black's eye.

Twice the horse reared and all but threw the jor.

Then, wrenching his head free, he got the bit ween his teeth, and, shooting forward, galloped madly down the road towards the running Burgess.

Nearer and nearer came the black, growing ever more terrible as the distance lessened.

Burgess heard the Major's "Stand clear, for God's sake, man! Stand clear!"

Then he knew that his arms were being almost pulled out of their sockets, that he had been carried almost off his feet, and that the sole of his boot was being wrenched from the upper.

It was a grim moment, but he held on. . . . It was the one thing shouting at him, in his brain, "Hold on, man? Hold on!"

Now the world seemed to steady. He realised that he had got the reins grasped well and firmly under the bit, that the black was standing foam-flecked and trembling, and the dismounted Major was by his side, grasping his arm.

It was the Major who put it to him simply and plainly.

"Thank you, Burgess," he said quietly, but fervently. "You saved my life!"

"*Couldn't* help it, sir—simply had to catch hold of those reins—sort of fascinater, you know."

"But I've seen things, and that was—well—splendid!" said the Major. "As a rule——"

"As a rule," Burgess put in, "any horseman worthy of the name will help another. It's a rule of the road."

"And certainly the most important of them all," said Major Blakeney. "I impress it on all my men. Er—Burgess——"

"Sir."

"Do you notice that I am impressing it on you?"

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later, when Burgess returned to the Dairy Farm, he made a certain communication to the foreman.

"Yes, I start in the Major's service next Monday week," he concluded.

"Wot I carn't understand is the why and wherefore. It's a step up, young man. Now, as a *rule*, in this life, the majority——"

"Take steps down, eh?" said Burgess, "but it's not a rule of the road."

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A CYCLIST'S MISTAKE.

Have you ever, while out for a cycle spin, toiled up an almost interminably long hill, and then once you had reached the summit in a bath of perspiration—I *might* use a less euphonious but more masculine expression—called for a long draught of ginger beer or "shandy-gaff" at a little wayside ale-house?

You have? Well, it's a fairly safe statement to make that on those occasions your return journey has been made in considerable discomfort, even if it has not been followed by a severe chill. For you have committed the cyclist's gravest mistake.

If you are boiling hot, *never*, under any circumstances, take anything cold. Take something hot, such as tea, or coffee, or beeftea. Though these may make you feel momentarily hotter, they will, in reality, drive the heat speedily out of you. The shock to the stomach, on the other hand, of ice-cold liquids poured into it when the body is perspiring, is often enough to ruin its functions permanently.

Quite apart from putting you off your riding form, a draught of cold liquid may have very serious effects.

Everyone can cite cases where indulgence in sport has brought about a severe illness, but there is nothing in sport, if followed judiciously, to damage a man; it is such carelessness as drinking cold things when he is hot that damages him.

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TO NATURE VIA SPORT.

AN ARTICLE FOR TOWNSMEN.

An increasing number of men are asking, in one form or another, the same question: "How can I get to know something about Nature?"

Twice in the last three days men whose whole lives have been spent in "the thick of town life"—and sometimes this has been very "thick"—have come to me as one knowing a great secret, and have asked me how it is to be done.

There is so little to hold on to in the details of modern business life, it and must be remembered that we are most of us engaged in details that concern one little hole-and-corner aspect of the city's life. Constant attention to details that do not seem to bear any reasonable relation to the great outstanding fact of life will in time make any man ask himself: "What's the good?"

And then, in desperation, he emigrates.

These are the men who to-day are seeking Nature and are trying hard to open the door to the world of abiding delight and perfect satisfaction that the open-air man seems to have entered so easily.

Another cause for this hankering after Nature lore is undoubtedly to be found in the success of the Territorial Army scheme. All soldiers at some time of their soldiering find themselves out in the open. Here they come in contact with unsuspected and unknown influences which are bound to affect their outlook on things in general.

They are unconsciously influenced by the spirit of contented, assured permanence that broods over such an area as Salisbury Plain, for instance. The unique experience of sleeping under the stars works a change that they cannot account for.

All these and other causes are making men long more and more for the open life.

That more and more men seek the secret through the various masculine sports is one of the best aspects of modern life. Kick the man who cries out that we are sport mad. Sport is one of the very few opportunities left for a man to be a man. He has to be a machine for so many hours of every twenty-four that without a wild burst of sport now and again he would be completely emasculated, and would become what the sailor called a "bloomin' harumphrodite."

The man who goes in for cross-country running comes into very close and sympathetic contact with Nature.

The necessities of their business life compel the members of most running clubs to confine their practice to Saturday afternoons and week-day evenings; it is especially during these evening runs that a man is brought close to Nature through his sport.

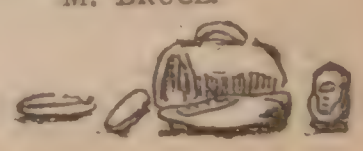
Where is the man who can go pelting along a moonlit road in his thin rubber shoes, listening to his feet smacking against the roadway, feeling the tonic of the night air against his chest and neck, watching the shadows amongst the trees and the reflections on the pools, without feeling that he has entered upon a broader conception of life, that he has thrown aside the trivial and acquired some knowledge of the things that really matter?

And though sport is a life in itself, it nevertheless brings a man into close contact with Nature in all sorts of aspects; though it absorbs too much of a man's muscle and nerve to allow him to give more than a divided attention to the natural things he is so keen on knowing, it still initiates him into a new atmosphere; and it is probably better that this initiation should be accomplished without any direct design on his part.

Above all, let this would-be Nature-lover avoid natural history books. If he tries to find the incommunicable influences of Nature in a half-crown text-book, he will be grievously mistaken.

In books he may read an infinite amount of bewildering information; but, though he sometimes thinks otherwise, it is not information he wants. It is the capacity to feel, and while he is engaged in any outdoor sport he is off his guard, and the pleasures he so often seeks come stealing unawares into his life until he becomes a privileged roamer in the kingdom of the wild.

M. BRUCE.



THE HAVEN OF UNREST

A SKETCH.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

"Whoi, Tay, Skupper!"

The weird salutation echoes sometimes in my mind when, in the course of my travels, I catch a whiff of the sea-salt breeze mixed with the odour of a fish-market, and I am back again for a space in that Haven of Rest for Mariners where I was accorded the courtesy title of "Skipper" by those men of the sea who frequented the newly-raised "Mission" in a north-east coast fishing town.

All breeds with a nautical roll passed in and out of the coloured glass doors when things were slack and the brewers had absorbed the money the fishermen had received at the "making-up" of the accounts of their North Sea "voyages."

When the men, young and old, became penniless, the Mission was always full, and was actually in direct contrast with its title, a Haven of Unrest for the Beerless.

Foremost among all the characters that at some time or the other managed to cut the cloth of the half-size billiard-table, which had been kindly presented by a misguided but charitably-disposed person, was one whose nickname was "Nuisance"—nor was a cognomen ever so fully deserved.

"Nuisance" was a pimply-faced youth who went to sea when his father dragged him thither by the scruff of his undersized neck. He was the most thoroughly cantankerous and exasperating young "man" it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Having sunk his money in beer and hot rum—and left his new blue jersey, his wide-ended, almost lavender-hued trousers, and his Wellington boots unpaid for—he would then patronise the Mission, and from the day he entered it became the sorrow and despair of the indefatigable little Dilston, the over-zealous man in charge of the "Haven."

He made it a point of honour within himself to walk off with all the billiard chalk, and would delight in stealing it if any two of his "mates" happened to claim the table before himself. When Dilston, out of pure kindness of heart, presented him free of charge with a cup of tea (usual price one halfpenny) he immediately conceived the idea that the piano on the red-baize-covered platform was thirstier than he, and would, without a word, empty the contents down the open top lid, to the vast edification of his friends, when Dilston was not looking.

Another gentleman, swart-skinned, and boasting the blackest curly hair, was known as "Darky." He was the acknowledged champion of the Haven at the game of draughts. One had to acknowledge him. If any man happened to beat him, "Darky" would cause an uproar, accuse him of cheating, fling all the draughtsmen at his opponent, and convert the Mission into a little tin hell temporarily.

"Do stop it, me bhoys—stop it!" Dilston would say imploringly.

He might as well have essayed to stop the tide of the inky river that flowed outside beyond the quay-head.

Not satisfied with smashing his man, "Darky" would finish up the little disturbance by flinging at his fallen opponent the current copy of the paper issued by the Society that provided funds for the Haven of Rest for Mariners, various old issues of magazines and illustrated journals given by benefactors of the Mission, and, lastly, the hymn-books that were supposed to be used on Sundays by such as attended the service—because they had nothing better to do. Really, some of the "drawings" in pencil in those hymn-books were not at all bad as caricatures of the chaplain.

In varied and lighter-drawn degrees the rest of the *habitués*, with but few exceptions, were either minor "Nuisances" or less pugilistic "Darkies." The "exceptions," of course, became rarer when the decently-behaved men who entered the Haven discovered that the occasion of a lantern lecture was the excuse for a squawking hullabaloo, a "Bible-class" an opportunity for the exercise of ribald wit, a billiard-match the appointed time for horseplay.

For the benefit of such people as these, you who read may be asked to give your donation, should you visit a seaport town in the summer.

Ladies who take charge of stalls and bazaars and gentlemen who subscribe to mission-cards have sometimes motives beyond pure charity, it is said. In any case, it seems to me that the very last persons who deserve this charity are the men whom I have described to you.

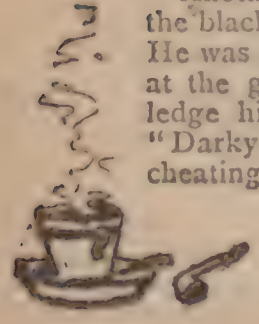
That poor little "Haven"! Its broken cues, its ever-deficient sets of daughtsmen, its frequently-smashed chairs, its misused piano, its devastated church! All speak so eloquently of that ingratitude of man, which is more unkind than the keen winter winds that shriek and moan in the riggings of the ships moored to the quay-head of the river, that flows within twenty yards of the Haven's door.

* * * * * * *

Little Dilston, the missionary helper and "salaried" man in charge (the *habitués* called him "Gills" for some reason), was quite as fully aware of the abuses to which the Mission was put as any other sane man. He had not been to sea, as an active member of a crew, for some twenty-three years, but he always "considered himself a seaman," he told me, while he was in touch with the Mission's boats and the Mission's chaplain! Good-hearted little man! I have seen him waste reams of eloquence on a gaping crowd of God-belittling and (I almost *hope*) God-*forgotten* male beings, who were in no wise worthy to be called men. They were continually subjecting to jibes of the coarsest description this earnest little Dilston, who, according to his lights (and in no "oily" manner) was ever striving his little best to show them that it was better to save money for the proverbial rainy day than to spend so very much more than their slender means could afford on beer.

"In Dublin," he told me, in a fit of confidence, "I once strapped thirty-five pounds round a man. I bought the belt for him and everything, sir. I put it to him as clearly as I could—*how*, it doesn't matter now. I reminded him he had a wife and kiddies at home. I talked to him about his duty to them. Well, sir,"—little Dilston raised a despairing hand—"some wretched woman, I heard (from a most reliable source), got every ha'penny out of him, and he was dead broke two days after, and had pawned the very belt to get a crust of bread!"

Yet strange indeed is the hope that springs eternal in the human breast—Dilston is still an enthusiastic and untiring missionary helper in that Haven of Unrest to-day!



EELING.

SOME PRACTICAL TIPS.

In a half-gale of wind, under a grey and lowering sky, a man sits huddled up on a camp-stool by the sandy bank of a small river, where it empties into the sea.

The day is cold, and there is no shelter of any kind against the rushing wind and the driving rain. But the man pays no heed to the elements; or, at any rate, does not appear to. He is there to earn his daily bread, and nothing must prevent him from it.

He is an eel-catcher, and manages to make a fair living out of this almost ubiquitous and very valuable food fish, for he is acquainted with every method of catching them; and some of these we may explain here for the benefit of the amateur, who will, no doubt, be able to derive considerable sport and amusement by putting them into practice.

Have you, for instance, ever tried your hand at "bobbing" for eels?

This method, for which an alternative title is "clod-fishing," consists of threading a long piece of worsted longitudinally through a number of large sized worms, and then looping them all up into a mass resembling, in a measure, a mophead, such as is used by charwomen for cleaning windows and passages.

This should then be attached by means of a long, stout line to a strong stick or rod, and lowered to the bottom of the water in which you hope to capture your nimble eels. The fish will bite greedily at the worms, and their teeth becoming entangled in the worsted, will enable you to whip them quickly to land.

The most suitable time for "bobbing" is when rivers rise, and the water is consequently discoloured.

You can, by the way, go in for eel fishing at night, if nocturnal sporting expeditions appeal to you, but it is quite easy to catch them in daylight.

Another way of fishing for eels is by means of a basket baited with live gudgeon.

Many fishing outfitters supply baskets made of wire; but these are not to be recommended, as they are much inferior to those made of withies. The elusive eel can be taken by the hundred in this way in most rivers.

It would be interesting to know how many readers have ever indulged in the pastime or sport, whichever you like to call it, of "spearing" for eels. This very often affords excellent fun. The spear used is a barbed-headed instrument, and is prodded, in a spirit of sporting optimism, into mudbanks where eels are wont to have their lairs.

More often than not the fearsome weapon is withdrawn innocent of bloodshed; but sometimes a long, writhing object will be transfixed by it, and the spearman's heart will momentarily be filled with a savage joy.

When the water is clear, however, the spear should only be thrust in the spots where blow-holes are discernible. In the early spring the weeds at the bottom of rivers will provide an ample quarry for the devotee of eel-spearing.

"Sniggling" is a method of catching eels which is indulged in during the heat of the summer, when the eels repair for coolness to holes under the banks of streams.

The following are simple directions for the amateur "sniggler":

First of all take a long needle, and secure it firmly by the centre to a piece of fine line. Stick the needle longitudinally into a worm, bring out the point, which you should insert into the end of a long stick. Hold the line in one hand, and with the other put the transfixed worm, on the stick, in front of the eel's nose.

The fish will probably bolt at the bait, in which case you should give the stick a deft twist downwards or sideways, so that the needle pierces his throat. Then, if you have performed this feat properly, you will be able, by means of the line, to draw out your eel, when his strength is exhausted, with the needle stuck securely in his palpitating throat.

G. THALES.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

D. D. (Carnarvon).—We are interested to hear that our comments on the Y.M.C.A. were pinned to the notice board of your local branch, and we are interested to know that some of the members have suggested that THE MODERN MAN should be added to the library. The authorities of the Y.M.C.A. are sure to comply with this request. We *don't* think.

H. A. B. LEWIS, 15, Somerset Street, Kingsdown, Bristol, invites members of the League who are interested in boxing to communicate with him; he is the secretary of an amateur boxing club which has recently been established.

H. C. H. (Marylebone).—The reason why men raise their hats to a passing funeral is because they desire to pay a token of respect to the dead. Drivers of horses do not raise their hats but salute with their whips.

"SPURS" (Birmingham).—If you cannot obtain admission to your local Yeomanry, try some other corps which has headquarters within reach. Some regiments will not accept men who live outside the county, but others are ready to take anyone who is fit and prepared to put in the requisite number of drills.

J. H. (Cowden).—Boils on the neck may be due to several causes. Impurity of blood is one, and uncleanliness is another. It is a strange fact, however, that this trouble is one to which athletes are singularly liable; in fact, there are many trainers of football teams who do not consider that they have got their men into thorough condition till boils begin to appear on their necks.

H. A. (Walsall).—Don't take up ventriloquism. At one time it was considered an excellent way of entertaining your friends at a smoker, but now, somehow or another, it has fallen into disrepute. A good song is much better.

O. S. (Wallingford).—A very good embrocation can be made out of sweet oil and turpentine in equal parts; but the athlete will find it simpler and more satisfactory to use one of the good manufactured embrocations. The best is Dr. Carter's. Write to his company; their address is Wellington Road, Battersea.

R. C. L. (Weston-super-Mare).—Make your own bookcase. It does not require much skill, and the wood can be bought ready-planed for very little, compared with what the finished article would cost. If you are fond of your books they are worth the trouble.

"BOB" (Plymouth).—It is, as you say, strange that your horse, though usually quiet, should absolutely refuse to be harnessed when you wanted to show him to a possible purchaser; next time he will be perfectly quiet, perhaps; there is no accounting for the eccentricities of temper in some horses. You must simply swallow the fact—and look out for a new buyer.

R. S. (Maidstone).—Your face irritation is probably due to your using too strong a soap.

A. H. (York).—The majority of advertisements offering home employment are swindles, and when the circular they send demands that you should first buy something or another from the firm, you may be very certain that it is a fly-trap.

A. S. (Brighton).—There is no reason why you should give up drinking cocoa during training. Cocoa is a perfectly wholesome drink, and, besides, if we all stopped drinking it there might be no employment for the slaves of Sao Thomé.

R. SPITTAL, Main Street, Kelty, Fife, is keen on exchanging picture postcards with Colonial readers.

J. MURPHY, 5, Kilmood Street, Belfast, contemplates starting an athletic club, and would be glad to hear from members of the League in that town.

W.L. (London), **E.S.** (Birmingham), **H.H.** (Cardiff), **E.McD.** (Aberdeen), **J.B.** (Norwich).—Many thanks for your suggestions.

At about this time the gardener is busy sowing the seeds that are to make the garden gay throughout the summer. Hardy annuals may now be sown in the open, and half-hardy annuals, such as asters, marigolds, and zinnias, may be sown in boxes or on a hotbed. The marigold, however, is best avoided by the man with a small garden, for, in spite of the beauty of its flowers, it becomes a pest if allowed to run to seed, and will speedily smother everything else in the garden.

For a good display of varied colour there is nothing to beat nasturtiums, nor is there any annual that is cheaper or easier of cultivation. A penny packet of seeds will produce many fine plants. As a bordering dwarf nasturtiums are excellent, while the creeping variety is a good thing for covering banks or for trailing downwards from window-boxes or over tubs. But it is not to be recommended as a climber for walls and so on. It cannot cling by itself, and the trouble of nailing it up seems wasted on an annual. A canary creeper is more satisfactory, and these sometimes grow to a prodigious size.

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It is advisable now to prune those shrubs which require it. Most decorative shrubs will need little pruning, if any, unless they are obstructing paths or crowding each other out. The weaker branches may be cut out altogether, so as to admit light and air to the heart of the shrub.

Spring flowering shrubs should be left until after the blooms fade, and then pruned. Roses of the hardy perennial variety may be pruned this month.

The amount of pruning must depend on the purpose for which the roses are grown. If you want a few very fine blooms, prune heavily; but if you want quantity rather than quality, very little should be taken off.

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The amateur gardener is often rather vague as to the correct way to prune. With all plants it is advisable to cut with a knife, or "secateurs," just above a bud that points outwards. Climbing and rambler roses generally require no shortening at all after the first year, when the shoots should be cut to about half-length.

Plants and shrubs of all kinds are always the better for the removal of weak and exhausted shoots or branches.

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During this month it is advisable to get through most of the rough work that is required to smarten up the garden for the summer.

Lawns and paths should be rolled, and any alterations in the planning of the garden made—such as the making of a new path or flower-bed, or the alteration of the shape of the lawn.

Bulbs, many of which will be already well above ground, should be watered freely, if the weather is kind enough to refrain from making that attention a work of supererogation.

Boxwood edgings should be renewed, about one yard of old boxwood being used to lay nearly 5 yds. of new, which should stand about an inch high.

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Herbaceous borders should now be carefully dug over, and a little manure put in, if necessary. March is the best time for planting or removing herbaceous plants, and there is no type of plant more suitable for the amateur who cannot spend much time or money on his garden.

Most of these plants can be raised in the first instance from seed, and will flower year after year with very little attention.

C. B. STAINER.

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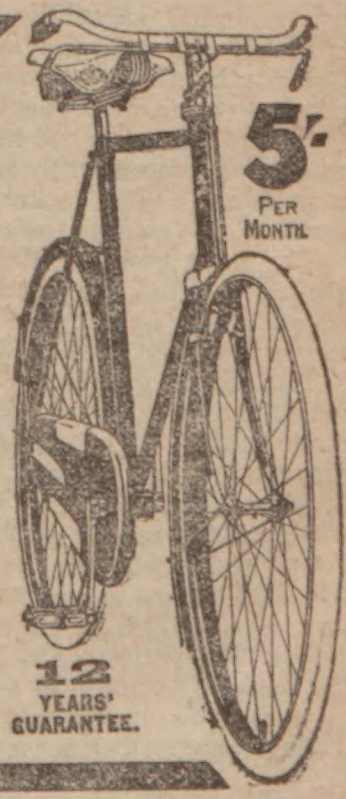


THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

STOCK-STIFFENERS.

Those of my country readers who are in the habit of wearing a so-called "hunting stock," have no doubt found that after it has been on the neck for a very short time the collar part of it becomes creased and untidy looking.

This is easily counteracted by the simple adoption of a collar-stiffener, which is a thin strip of celluloid, pierced with holes so as to allow of ventilation, which is inserted in the centre of the stock, between the two thicknesses of linen.

It can be obtained from most outfitters to fit any sized collar or of any height, and will prevent the stock looking like a concertina after a very little wear, without being in any way uncomfortable.

These celluloid stiffeners can be adapted to fit a flannel collar by simply cutting a slit in the inner lining and pushing them in.

Or a simpler expedient is to use a piece cut from a discarded starched linen collar, which must, of course, be removed when the flannel one is sent to the wash.

SOFT WHITE SHIRTS.

With regard to the suggestion I made recently, that old white shirts with starched fronts should have the starch washed out of the cuffs and fronts and be finished out as soft shirts, a reader sends a useful tip.

The process of removing the starch by scrubbing is a very tedious one, and is by no means beneficial to the linen.

A better method, says my correspondent, is to make a weak solution of neat extract of malt, and to place the cuffs in this, keeping the temperature for a time at 60deg. Centigrade.

This converts all the starch into sugar, and this will easily wash away, without any damage to the linen.

THIS SEASON'S LOUNGE COAT.

I referred a few weeks ago to the popularity of the low-cut style with lapels for waistcoats which are not of the same material with the jacket or are intended especially for summer wear, but, curiously enough, the lounge jacket that seems likely to be most fashionable this year displays a precisely opposite tendency.

Of late years the roll had become about as low as it could conveniently be, and it was no uncommon thing to see a jacket with only one button in front, while two was the regular thing.

This year, however, three and even four buttons are quite common and the lapels are much smaller, the opening of the coat being scarcely larger than that of the waistcoat.

The latter garment, when made of the same material as the rest of the suit, is likely to be cut moderately high, although at present, and throughout the summer, the vest with a large opening that displays a wide expanse of shirt front will probably remain popular.

For those who are buying suits, however, and who look ahead to next winter, it will be advisable to have a fairly high-cut six-button waistcoat.

The close-fitting waist and the slit or "vent" at the back still remain in vogue, though the waist is no longer as much exaggerated as it has been during the past two seasons.

HOW TO TREAT CUTTERS.

Cutters appear to be of two classes only, either very good or very bad. Occasionally you can get a good cutter at a shop which charges low prices, but it is a difficult task to find such a one.

I remember once patronising a firm in a provincial town, and having a couple of lounge suits made by them as an experiment. The prices they charged were not exceptionally low, but rather what you would describe as moderate.

The suits they produced were the most extraordinary things I have ever put on. They promised that every customer should have a fit. These suits produced two fits—I had one, and a friend who was watching me when I tried them on had another. The trousers of one suit were so narrow round the seat that it was impossible for me to sit down in them without the danger of bursting many buttons; the trousers of the other suit were so wide that when I buttoned them up they slipped down over my hips and bunched themselves about my ankles.

I had these two suits packed up and returned to the tailor, and next day I called at his shop in order that I might fit them on before his cutter. The cutter was a self-satisfied person who had taken the preliminary fittings in a very cursory manner, as if they were quite unnecessary.

Now he said that the narrow pair of trousers had been made wrongly owing to the carelessness of a workman, and as for the wide pair, they had been sent to me in error, and mine had been dispatched to another customer who happened to order a suit of the same material at the same time. I found out afterwards that this last explanation was a lie, for when the trousers were finally returned to me, I observed that there was one blunt prong to the back buckle just as there had been in the first instance, which showed me that the trousers had simply been badly cut and altered.

The jackets of the suits were by no means right. The cutter looked me up and down, and said they, seemed to fit me very well; he asked me what was the matter with them.

His manner was almost truculent, and he seemed to imply that I ought to be ashamed of myself for daring to suggest an improvement in a garment which he had made.

One does not want one's tailor to be servile, for there are few tradesmen for whom I have a greater respect than the sartorial artist, but this cutter's manner was such that he certainly lost my custom for his firm, and probably that of many others who placed trial orders with them.

HIS BUSINESS, NOT MINE.

I know, perhaps, more about clothes than the average man does, but I do not profess to be able to tell the cutter exactly how many eighths of an inch he ought to take in one and how much he ought to let out another seam—that is his business. I saw that I had been had, and I did my best to guide this asinine person, and eventually there were sent home to me a couple of suits which I certainly could wear, but which I never have worn with any pleasure.

I would contrast this cutter with another whom I know. He is a young man who takes an absolute pride in his work. If you happen to detect the slightest error he is almost ashamed that you were the first to discover it, and he insists on putting it right at once. He does not do as the asinine cutter did, assure me that everything is all right.

I may say that I am very courteous in my treatment of this good cutter, for I regard him as something of an artist. I even request him to assist me in the selection of cloth for a new suit although guidance in this matter is generally given by the shopman.

I do not, by the way, rely very much upon the cutter's judgment in regard to the selection of patterns, for, like everyone else, I have my own taste in these matters, but the compliment is one which he appreciates, and I think it is advisable, when you find a good cutter, to be as nice to him as possible, for then he takes an interest in you and turns you out to the best of his skill.

As for the bad cutter, the only thing is to avoid in future the place where he is employed.

RAINCOATS.

The article of attire for which was coined the name of "raincoat" shows signs of even greater popularity than it has enjoyed in past years.

It has to a great extent taken the place of the mackintosh for spring and autumn wear. It is equally light and equally warm, without being stuffy, for being made of cloth it is porous, and not impervious to air as it is to wet.

It does not look out of place as a mackintosh does when it is not actually raining, but is useful as a light coat when the seasons are changing, and the weather is not cold enough to justify the wearing of a winter ulster.

There is much more scope for the exercise of one's taste and fancy in the choice of a rainproof coat than in that of a mackintosh, and it can be obtained in various shades of drab, green, and grey, the most fashionable, perhaps, being green.

The specially treated cloth is capable of resisting several hours of steady rain, and the garment is an excellent one for walking in, since it allows of ventilation.

But when you are buying a raincoat, remember that its most important function is to keep out the rain.

Get a smart one by all means, but avoid gauntlet cuffs, which will harbour the moisture that runs down the sleeves; have a collar that you can turn up and button close to the neck; let the coat be sufficiently long to give some protection to your legs, and do not have the opening cut too low in front.

"Some of the "raincoats" one sees ready-made in tailors' windows are very nice to look at, but built rather for appearance than for service.

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports. This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer. Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

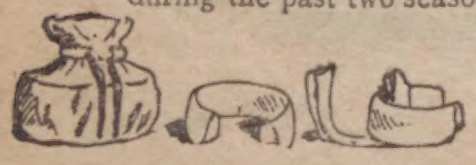
HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS.

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.



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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Lieutenant's scarlet and blue patrol jackets, overalls, &c., for disposal, fit man about 5ft. 7in.; offers.—Box 1926, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mackintosh rain coat, good military or clerical, 10s.—Box 1927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman has for disposal navy blue lounge suit, 2 pairs trousers, fit person 5ft. 8in., chest over vest 36in.; sacrifice, 20s.—Box 1928, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Burberry's brown tweed waterproof shooting breeches, leather tops, waist 39in., new condition, 30s.; heather mixture Scotch tweed lounge suit, chest 44in., waist 44in., leg 31in., cost 90s.; take 35s. 6d.; a pair of good quality warm winter trousers, 39in. waist, 16s. 6d.—Box 1930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair hunting boots, on trees, makers London Shoe Co., smart, made to measure, about size eights; £1.—Box 1931, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

To Athletes of all Classes.—Trainer and physical instructor offers valuable training hints and exercises; 1s. P.O. for tabulated chart.—Box 1917, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair "Union" ball-bearing adjustable roller-skates, 9s., cost 17s. 6d.; 9-carat gold opal signet ring, 7s. 6d.—A. Templeman, 10, Park Road, Peterborough.

A bargain. Gent's roller-skates; Brampton's "King of the Rink"; cost 21s.; sell 15s., or offer.—Box 1918, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Webley ·500 revolver, holster and cartridges, perfect, 45s.; another, different pattern, 30s.; ·320 pocket, 8s. 6d.; oil painting, hunting scene (Victor Parr), 10s. 6d.; books, suit art student, cheap.—Box 1920, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Clarionet wanted, B flat, also A natural with C sharp, in exchange for Thibouville ditto without, and cash.—Box 1932, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Zither Banjo (5 strings), in leather case, cost £8, also quantity of music; what offers?—Box 1933, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Sanderson regular hand or stand ¼-camera, complete with case, tripod, 3 double slides, bee meter cutting shapes, washing tanks, printing frames, dishes, &c.; complete outfit, £5.—Moulden, Fulwood, Preston.

Folding Kodak, in case, cost £2 10s., accept 25s.; ¼-stand camera, lens, tripod, &c., £2 2s., accept 25s.—Box 1921, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

½-plate camera by Underwood, Birmingham, Thornton-Pickard shutter, tripod, canvas case, dark slide, lamp, four dishes, rack, print washer, printing frame, measuring glass, &c., 45s.—Sawyer, 18, Chiswick Street, Carlisle.

POULTRY YARD.

100-Chick Rearer, copper tank, lamp, complete, as new, 26s., carriage paid.—Box 1934, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Incubator 100-egg, Tamlin's, must be in good condition and latest model, for cash, or would exchange four house-moulted cock goldfinches, one house-moulted cock linnet, and two Hartz Mountain cock canaries, and cages, value £3.—Box 1935, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Smart Welsh Pony, 11.2, roan, black points, very fast, quiet with motors, sound, 4 years, broken by owner; no dealers.—Apply in first case Box 1936, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A Gentleman's Riding Saddle, nearly new, for sale; 30s.; a bargain.—Box 1937, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

Galvanised iron barrow, 24in. by 19in., new, cost 22s.; sacrifice 12s.; suit youth.—Box 1938, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, garden roller. Full particulars, lowest price. No cards.—Box 1939, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cheap, for cash, 100ft. hose-pipe, fittings, and reel for garden use, perfect condition.—Box 1940, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

Motor cycle, engine Kelecom, V. Antoine, Fil, and Co., 3½-h.p., cycle Ormonde, new tyres, altered from pedal to footboards and long handles, pedal attachments given in, accumulator, &c.; £8, part exchange, typewriter or something useful.—Box 1941, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Kerry 2¾ motor-cycle, new back tyre, new piston, &c., long handles, low frame, new spring forks, perfect condition and running order; £6 15s.; great bargain.—Box 1942, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

20s. weekly easily earned selling cigars and cigarettes to friends, clubs, &c. Single boxes at wholesale prices.—Whiteley, Cigar Inn, Manchester.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, Nos. 1 to 57, MODERN MAN; clean.—Box 1922, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Drawing taught by post, Hobby or Press work, 1s. a lesson; parties.—Box 1920, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

DEBENTURE SHARES, ETC.

For sale, Chiswick Electrical Supply Co. 10 £1 shares, 1908 dividend 6 per cent., next expected 8 per cent.; offers.—Box 1943, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, National Benefit Trust Bond, £300, £13 already paid; what offers?—Box 1944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

"The Quickest Honest Road to Biggest Fortunes." Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How." Post paid 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes and Co., Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

Scouts handsomely sunburnt immediately (Indian bronze). Post free 10d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Indigestion, certain cure; send P.O. 7d. for sample; money returned if no relief.—Box 1923, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 1801, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Falling hair, certain cure for, recipe, 6d.; 5,000 other recipes; lists free; state wants.—Chemoid Co., Gainsborough.

Four valuable recipes, indispensable for home use, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 1876, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell Dr. Carter's Embrocation, invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes. 2s. 9d. size bottle post free 10½d.—Send at once, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hall-marked 9-carat gent's gold signet ring, masonic emblem, 5s.—Box 1916, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

MISCELLANEOUS.

£5 per week and upwards earned by advertisement writers. Opportunities for ambitious people. Prospectus post free. — (Dept. 38) Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Astrology.—Year's events. The Planets Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. M. M. Mercury, Llandaff, Glam.

Suit case, brown leather, two locks, new, accept 15s.; field-glasses in case, cost 30s., accept 15s.—Box 1921, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Illingworth light-casting reel, second-hand; cheap.—Box 1924, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cosmopolite pipe (new), cost 2s. 6d.; shaving set, mirror, bowl and brush, nickel silver (new), cost 25s., 15s.; fountain pen, 14ct. (new), cost 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d.—Box 1925, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Swan fountain pen for sale, splendid writer, 18-carat gold nib, 4s. 6d.—Wood, Lee Lane, Horsforth, Leeds.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d.; both quite new, never been used.—Box 1803, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. Patronised by the Nobility.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles range; very clear definition; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

49S. 6D.—£10 10s. Double Draw Binocular, 12-lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass-made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant definition, wide field; in hard English brown leather case; sacrifice, 49s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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